

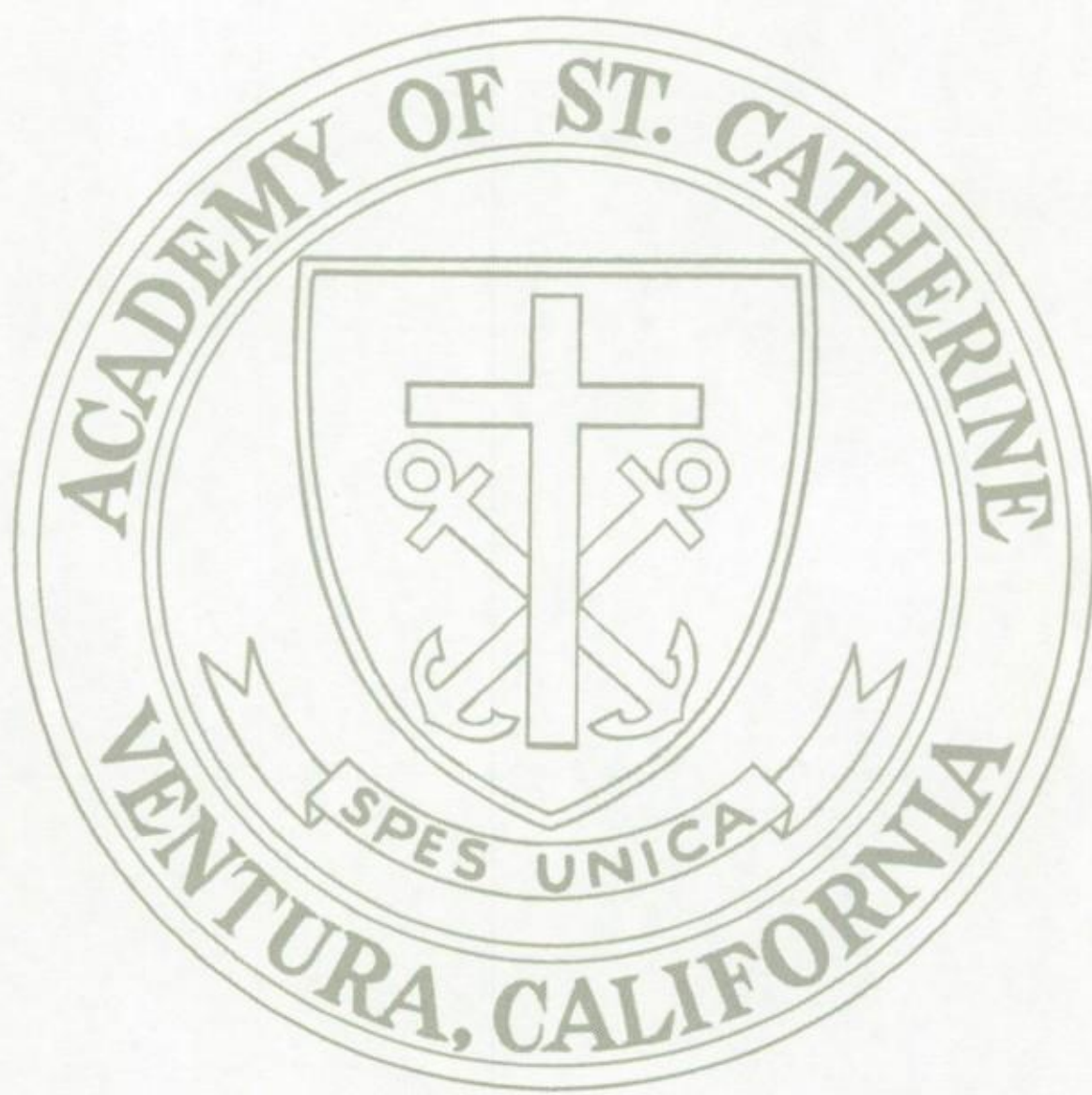


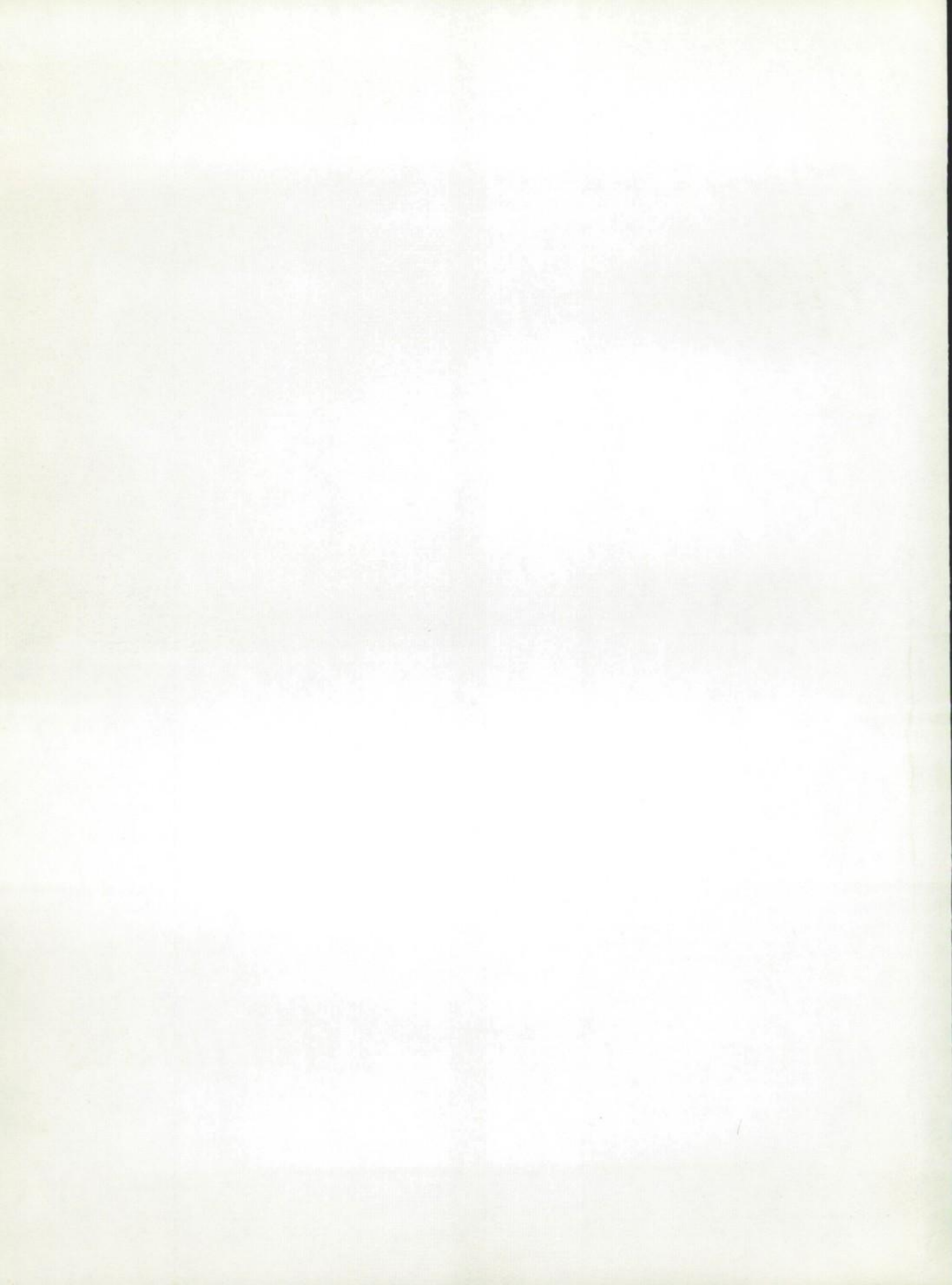
CATALAN '67



Roxy Bogner *







The President . . .

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr. Mayor:

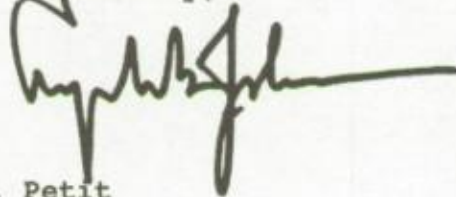
The centennial anniversary of the City of Ventura celebrates the fusion of a productive past with a promising future.

From its birth as a quiet mission town to its maturity as a bustling metropolis, your city has demonstrated and lead the march of progress on our West Coast.

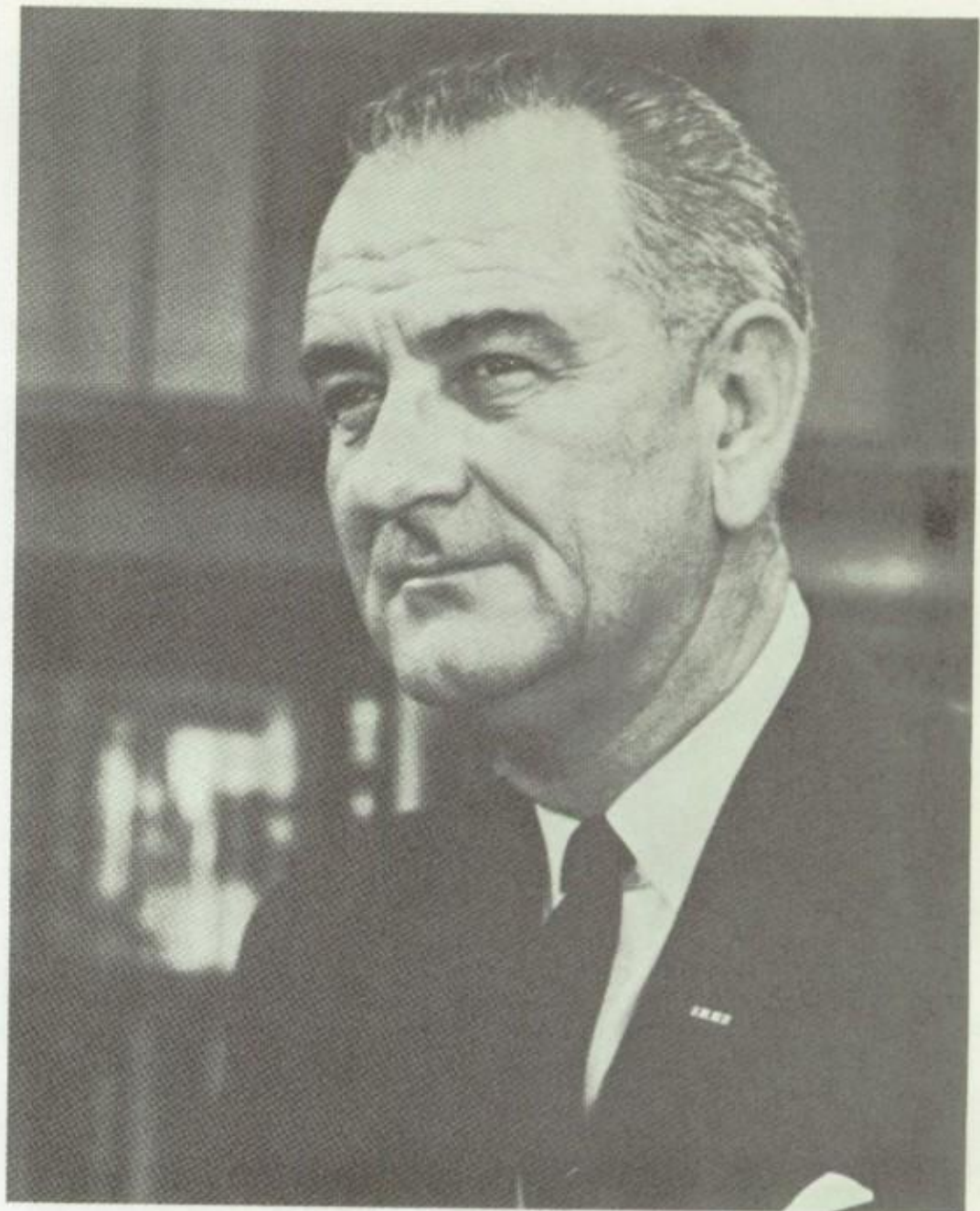
Its people have typified the finest traditions of this nation's growth and achievement. And its history has encompassed the hopes and aspirations of all Americans.

So as you usher in another great century, please accept my warm good wishes for sustained success.

Sincerely,



Honorable Charles W. Petit
Mayor of Ventura
Ventura, California



COURTESY OF GREATER VENTURA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

. . . to
Venturans

Foreword...

*The worn, wooden Cross atop a grassy hill
symbolizes the faith we love.*

*The stately, white columned courthouse,
upholding justice and freedom we cherish.*

*The county library, storehouse of great
knowledge, wisdom and culture we treasure.*

*The magnificent Marina, the port to beauty,
pleasure, peace and prosperity we enjoy.*

GWENN BOOKS



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Dedication

*To the people of Ventura we proudly
and gratefully dedicate our 1966-67
Catalan*

Appreciation

*Divine Providence, bestowing on us
a land of beauty and of freedom,
We Praise.*

*Past glories, present achievements
and promising future endeavors,
We Salute.*

*Citizens contributing to the culture
and prosperity of our community,
We Thank.*

ANNETTE BORDAGARAY



1866

The first recorded schoolhouse in Ventura, located on Harrison and Ventura Avenue, was opened in 1870.



The Old

Nick Hearne's grocery store provided fresh produce and canned goods early in the century.



Panoramic View of Main Street in the Mid-70's



Education on college level is now available at Ventura College.

The New

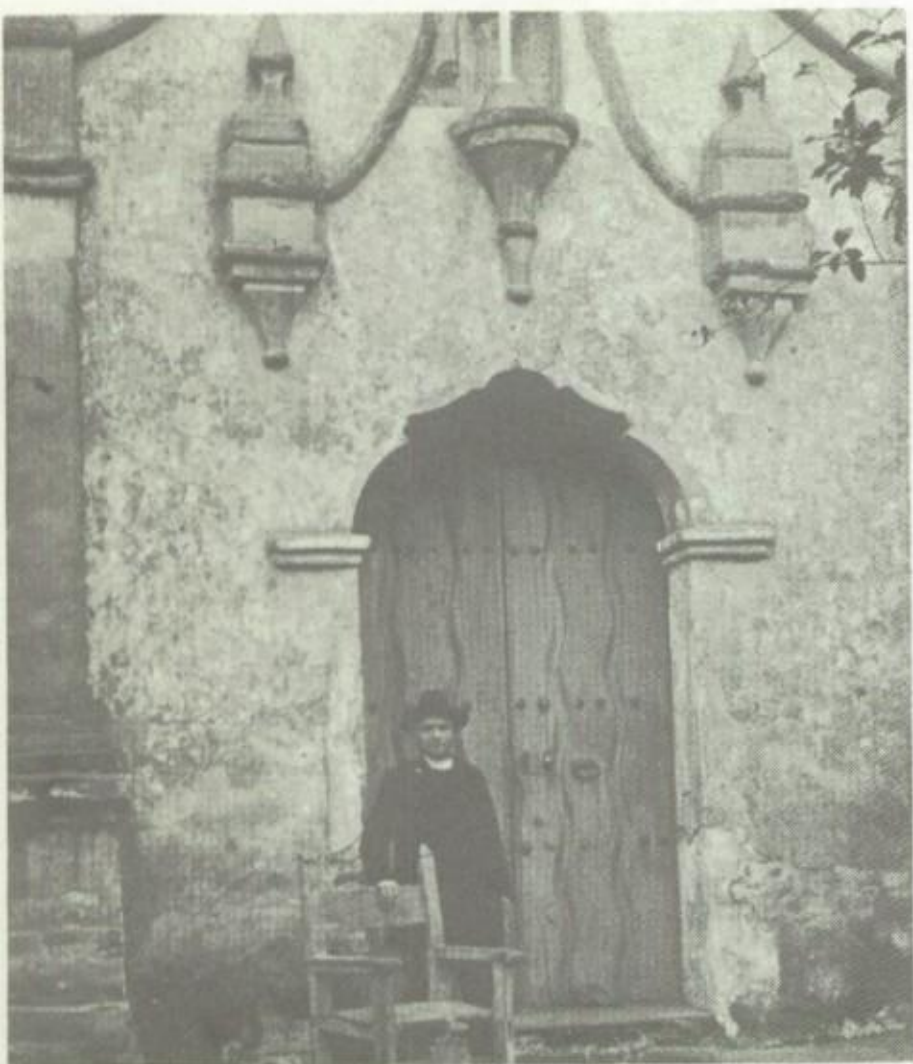


One of the many fashionable stores in the San Buenaventura Shopping Center



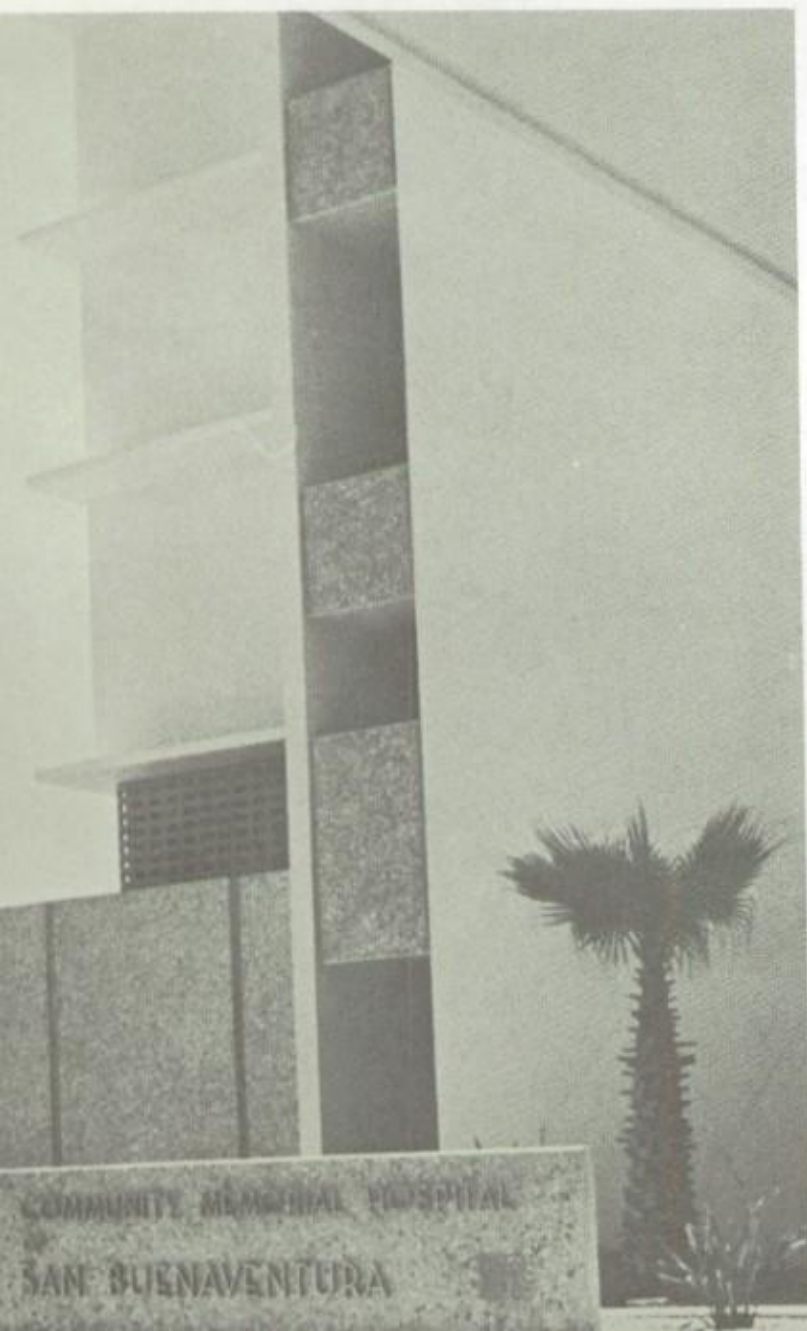
Main Street today crowded with shoppers and traffic.

1966



Rev. Patrick Grogan was appointed pastor of Mission San Buenaventura in 1897.

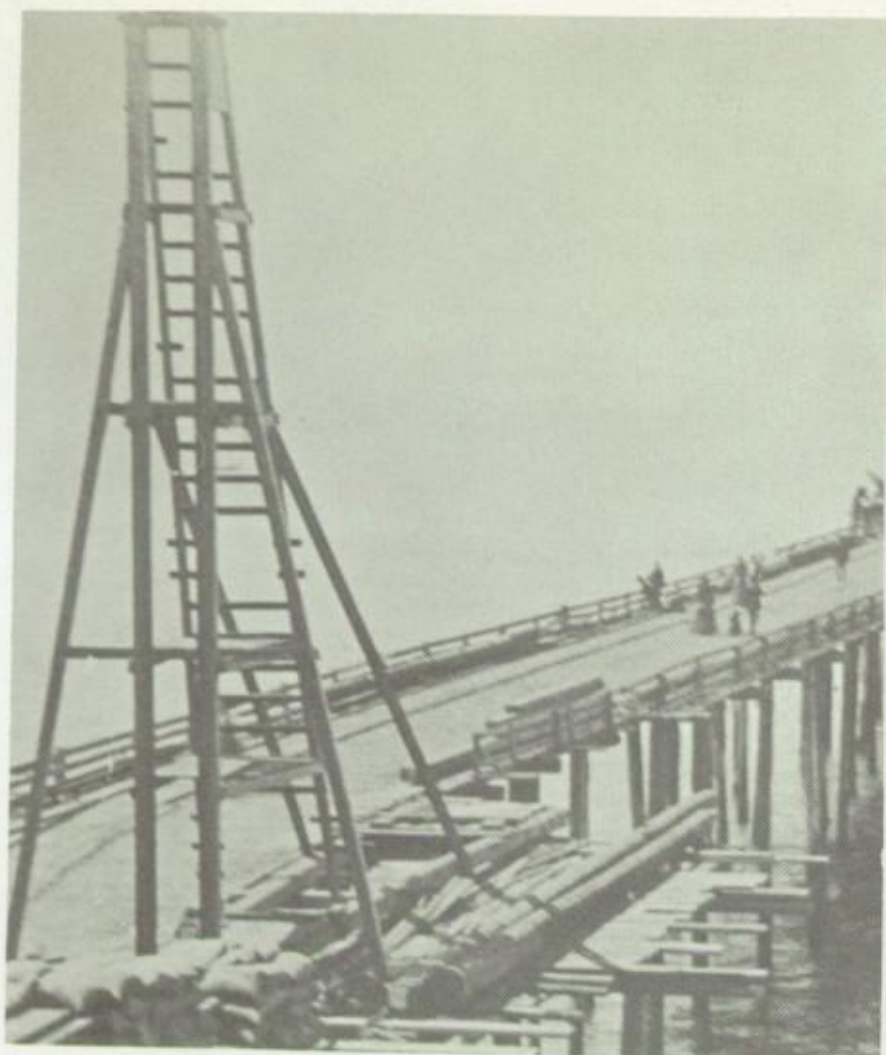
Community Memorial Hospital provides the latest in equipment and patient care.



Ventura's modern Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, whose pastor is Msgr. Daniel Hurley

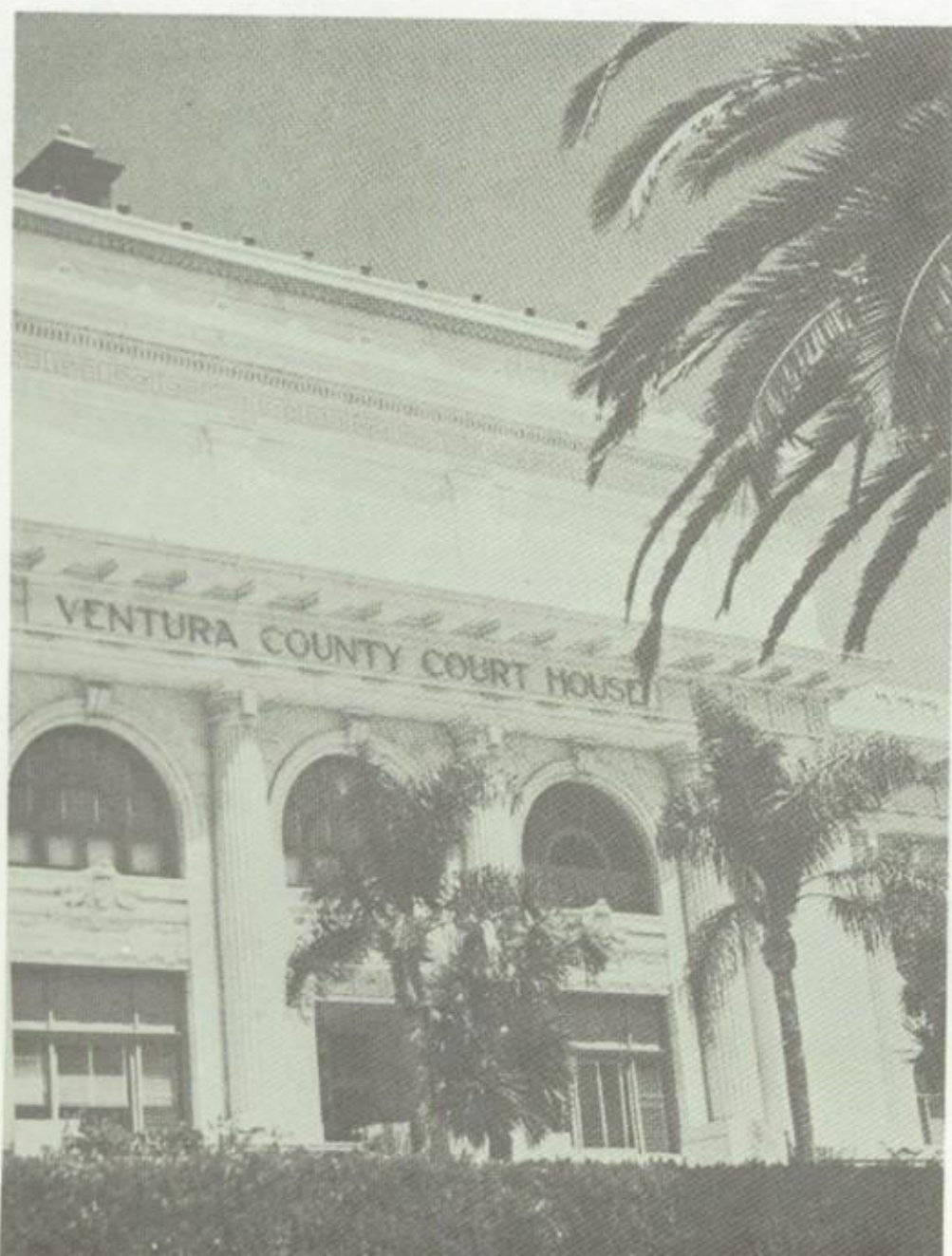


Ventura's first hospital, built in 1887, provided everything at \$4 a week "except wood for warming rooms and clothing for patients."



The wharf was a popular promenade during the 80's and 90's. Oil tankers, freight steamers and excursion boats docked here.

Since 1913 Ventura County affairs are conducted in the Court House on Poli just above Main Street.



The Ventura Marina is one of the finest small craft harbors on the West Coast. Eventual capacity will provide 2,300 slips.



The Hall of Justice, Ventura's first court house, was built in 1875. W. D. Hobson, Mrs. Walter Hoffman's father, was the contractor.





This tile roof adobe, the first building in Ventura, was occupied by the Mission Padres for many years.



The Schiappa Pietra mansion, built in 1876, was one of the show places in Ventura.



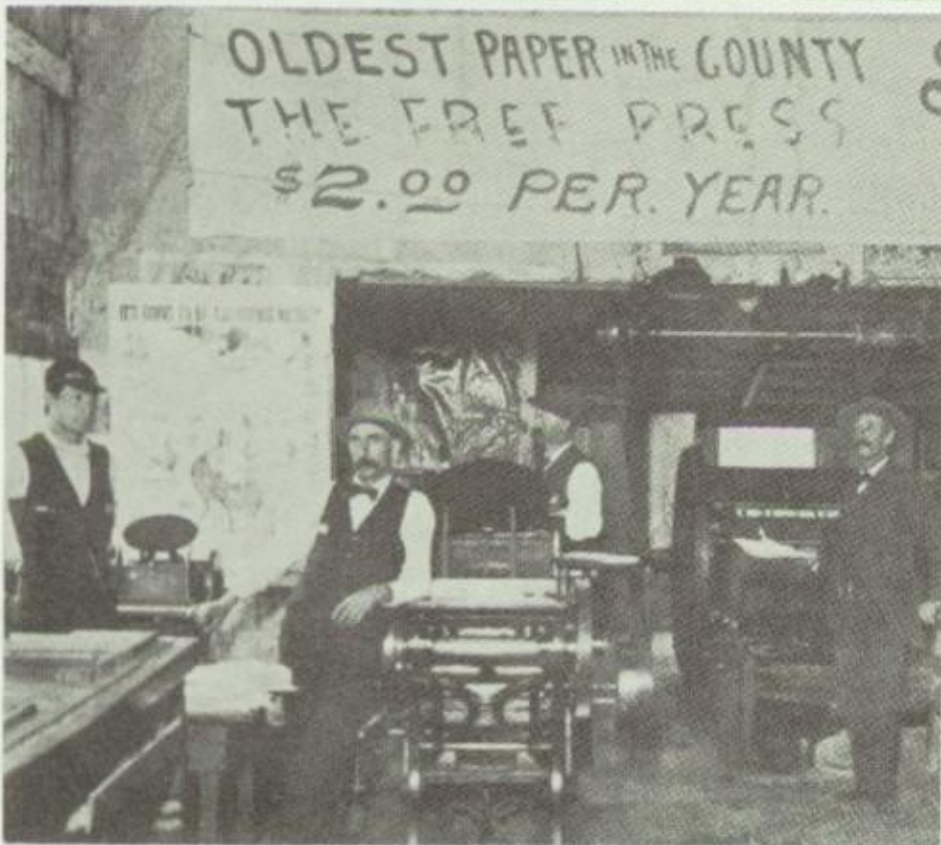
The Ventura Free Library was donated to the city by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene P. Foster.



The new Ventura County and City Library



An attractive home in modern Ventura



The Free Press, oldest daily in Ventura County, was printed in this one-room shop.



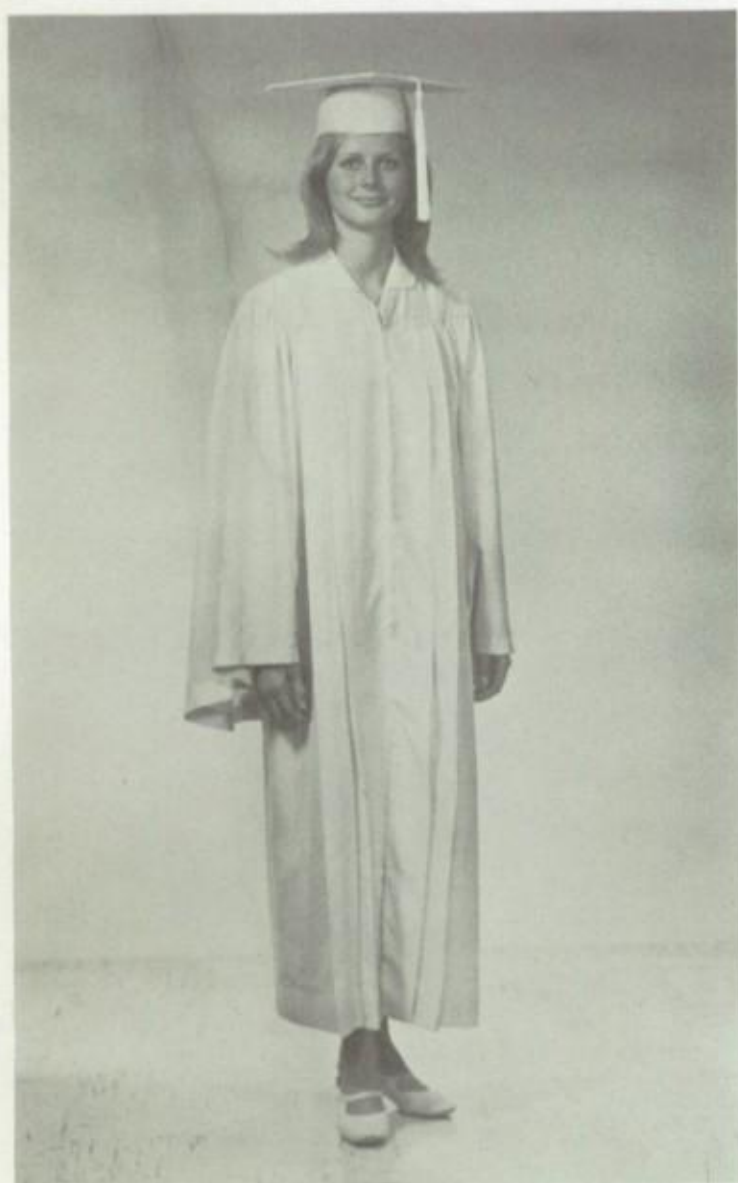
The Star Free Press is now published in this spacious, modern building under the direction of Editor Julius Gius.





Bob Pieser's Studio where many of the pictures for the 1967 Catalan were printed.

John Brewster came west in 1861. In his gallery, next to the Mission, some of the early-day photographs were made.



A sweet girl Graduate, Theresa Richards



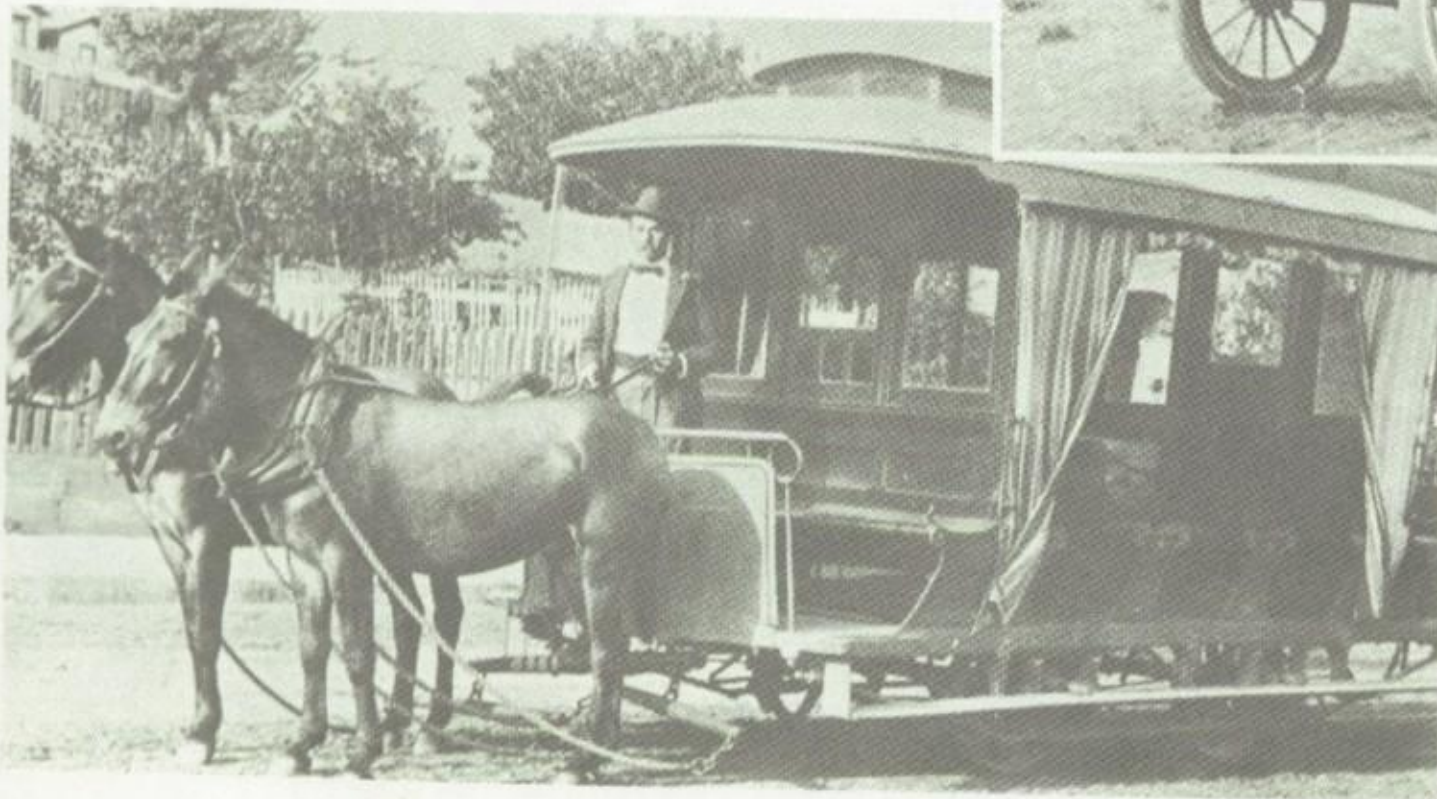
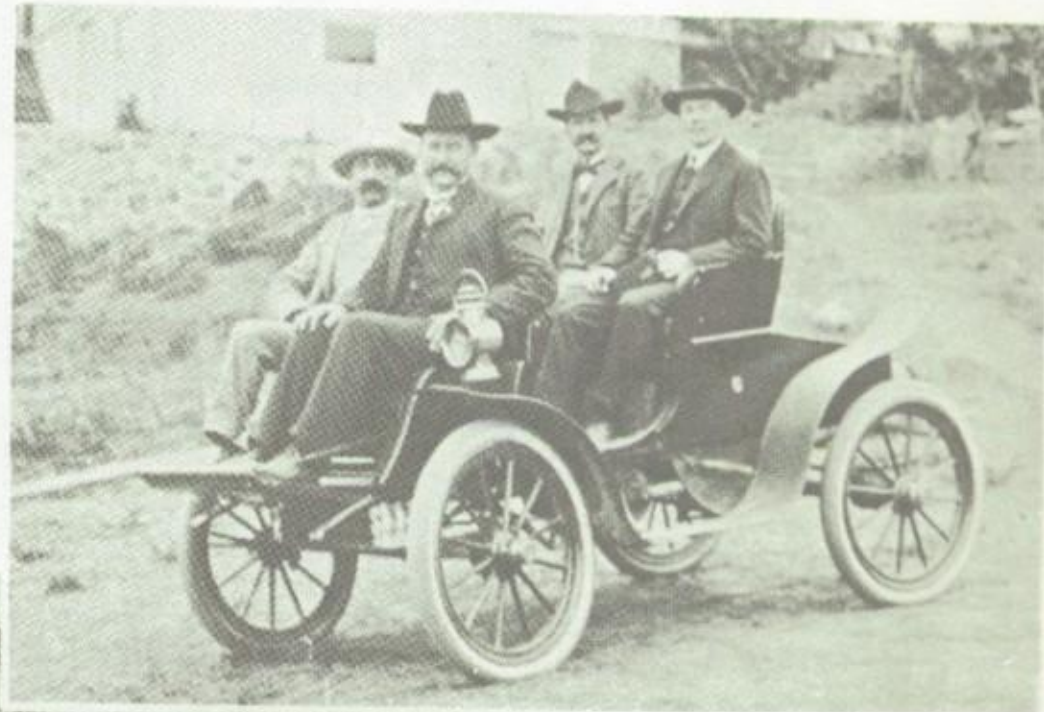
Pretty Miss Eva Sexton on Graduation Day



The old fire-station on California Street, which housed a horse-drawn fire truck staffed by volunteers.



Dr. S. L. Stuart operated a Dental Parlor upstairs and Mrs. Stuart sold millinery downstairs as early as 1893.



The horse-drawn trolley car and the St. Louis Automobile provided transportation for Venturans at the turn of the century.



The latest addition to Moreau Hall is the Art Studio.

The cottage was recently converted into the Grade School Library and office.



Campus Views



Siena Hall, named for St. Catherine of Siena, houses the Science Department and Laboratories.



The Pavilion provides a pleasant location for lunch.



The school offices, classrooms, and the auditorium are located in Moreau Hall.



The Tennis Courts are frequented by students and friends of the Academy.

Nestled high on a hill, among the pepper trees, smiling in the sun lies a cluster of one-story buildings, hovering together in a friendly group. A bell sounds, cutting the clear morning air, and activity begins at the Academy of St. Catherine. Girls hurry across the campus to their respective classrooms, within whose walls they learn simple things, wonderful things, the love of beauty, truth, and life.

MELANIE HARPE, '67



Hoffman Hall, named for the school's founder, Mrs. Walter Hoffman, houses the Language Department and Library.



Monsignor Daniel Hurley

Our pastor, the Rev. Monsignor Daniel Hurley, was born in Ireland and ordained at Maynooth. He came to the United States in 1921 and was assigned to parish work at St. Joseph's Church in San Diego. In 1922 he was transferred to San Buenaventura Mission and was named pastor there in 1939.

A real pioneer at heart, Monsignor Hurley, after solidly establishing the Old Mission parish, moved to the East-End of Ventura in 1954 and organized the new parish of Our Lady of the Assumption. As a tribute to his dedicated service in the ministry, the title of Monsignor was bestowed on him in 1960. Monsignor lists among his major activities at the present time: hard work, the extension of the parish grade school, the chaplaincy of the YLI and the Catholic Daughters. Weekly, Monsignor visits the local hospitals and Juvenile Hall, hearing Confessions, distributing Holy Communion, encouraging and counseling wayward youths.

Monsignor Hurley has contributed a saintly share to the spiritual development of the city of Ventura.

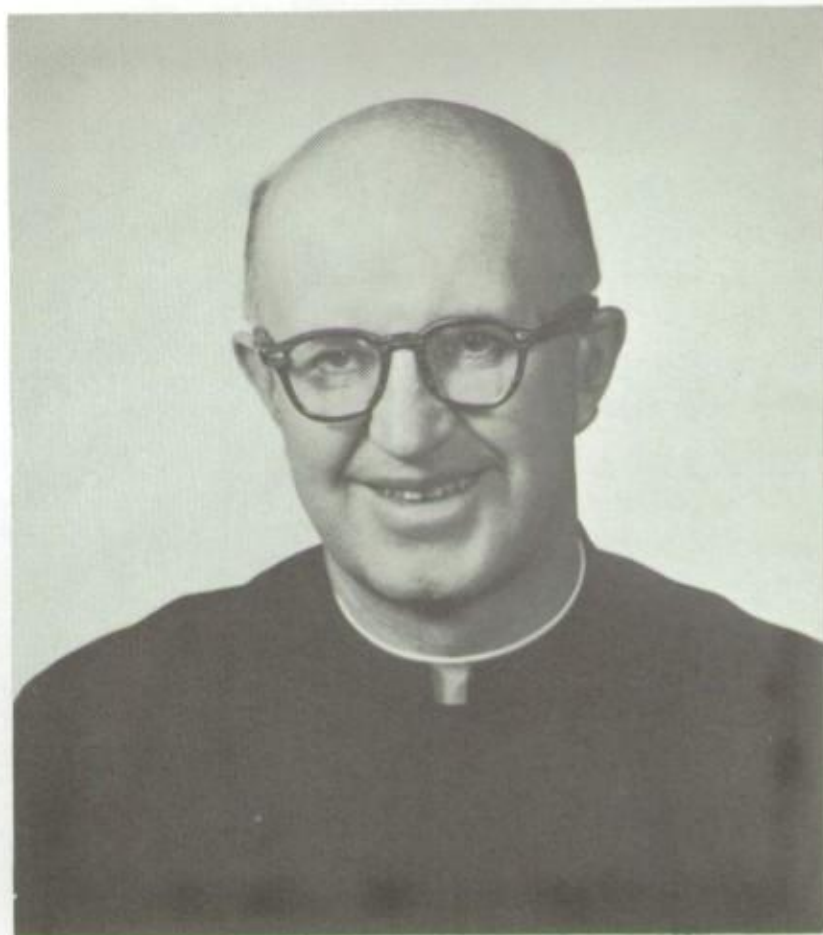
Emily Perry

Religious training is the most unique experience in the life of a St. Catherine's girl. Father Hartigan, a well known and respected figure on campus, has made vital contributions. He not only journeys from Santa Barbara once a week to teach high school religion, but within the consecrated walls of the chapel he forgives, counsels and challenges students to a more Christian way of life.

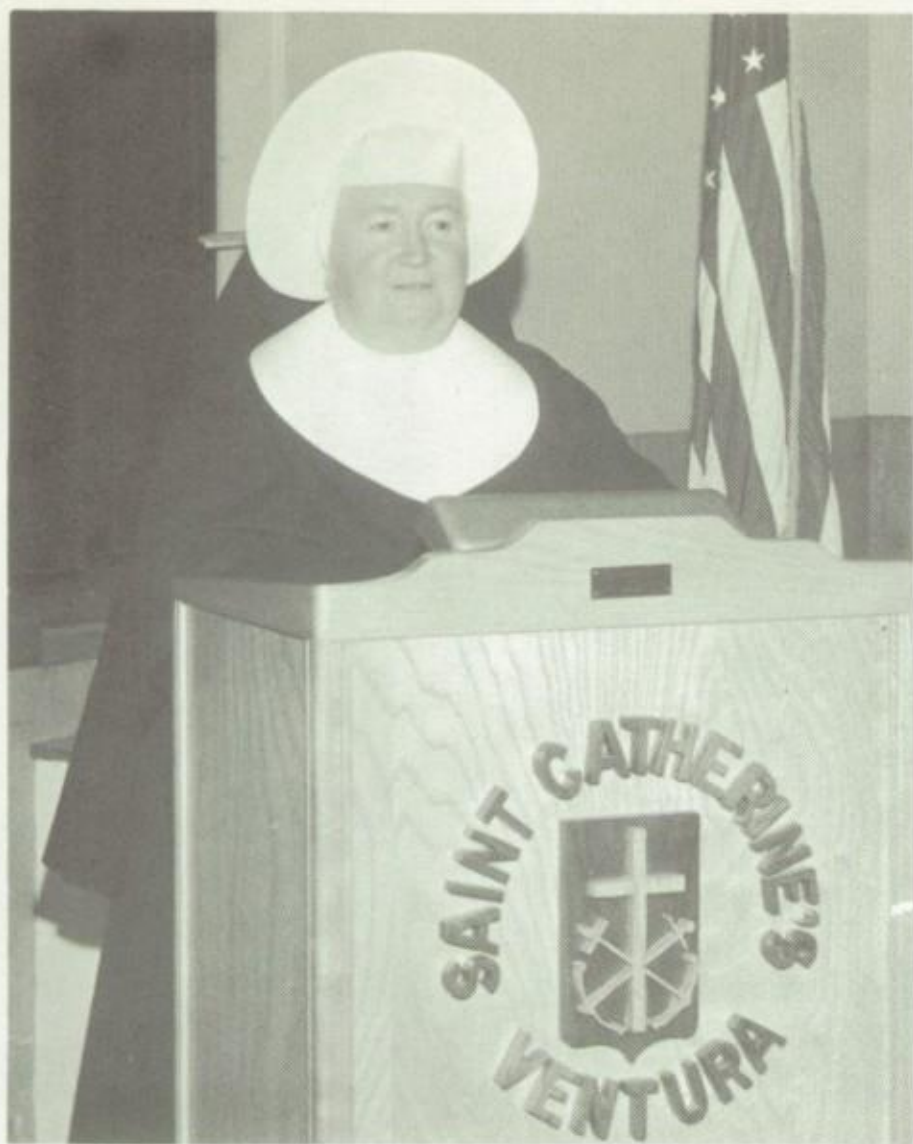
Father, who is a native of Ireland, completed his clerical studies at the renowned St. Patrick's College and Seminary. He has always been apostolic-minded. During the European Wars he served as a chaplain in the British Army. Following the war he worked as a missionary in the Philippines.

Father Hartigan's learning, his dignified manner and his genuine concern for the individual make his acquaintance a rewarding experience. The students have great respect for this quiet, reserved and gentle priest who every Thursday walks the green pathways of St. Catherine's.

Theresa Richards



Rev. Luke Hartigan



Sister Agnes Imelda

Sister Agnes Imelda is now serving her third year as principal of St. Catherine's Academy. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, she moved with her family to Los Angeles. It was there she decided to become a Sister of the Holy Cross. She received her B.A. from St. Mary's College in Indiana, and her M.A. from the University of California. Sister has also done graduate work at several western universities, including Stanford.

Sister Agnes Imelda is a jovial person and has been rated as a teacher who can make her student audience "roll with laughter."

Besides her responsibilities as principal, Sister is presently teaching Economics, U. S. History, World Geography, Latin III, and Religion I.

Generous with her time, Sister is always ready to help a troubled girl over the bumps, or advise an uncertain senior as to her choice of college.

Nancy Mahon

Faculty

Sister Mary Helen was born in Nebraska, received her high school education from the Ursuline Nuns in Falls City, her B.A. from St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, and her M.A. from the University of Notre Dame. Sister has also done graduate work at the University of California and the University of Notre Dame.

As advisor of the California Scholarship Federation, Sister is responsible for a number of extra-curricular activities, such as the CSF District Conference, the Shakespeare Festival, the annual Poetry contest, and the Mother-Daughter Tea.

Under Sister Helen's supervision, the Journalism Workshop handles the school's publicity in the Star Free Press and the CSF State Bulletin, and the school newspaper and yearbook.

In her nine years at St. Catherine's, Sister has become an indispensable part of St. Catherine's academic life.

Kathleen Walsh



Sister Mary Helen

Spanish students at St. Catherine's have come to love that language through the enthusiastic teaching of Sister José Maria. As a native Californian, born in Los Angeles, Sister feels at home in Ventura.

She received her B.A. at St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch in Salt Lake City, Utah, and her M.A. at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. Sister returned to St. Catherine's from St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch in 1965 after a five year absence.

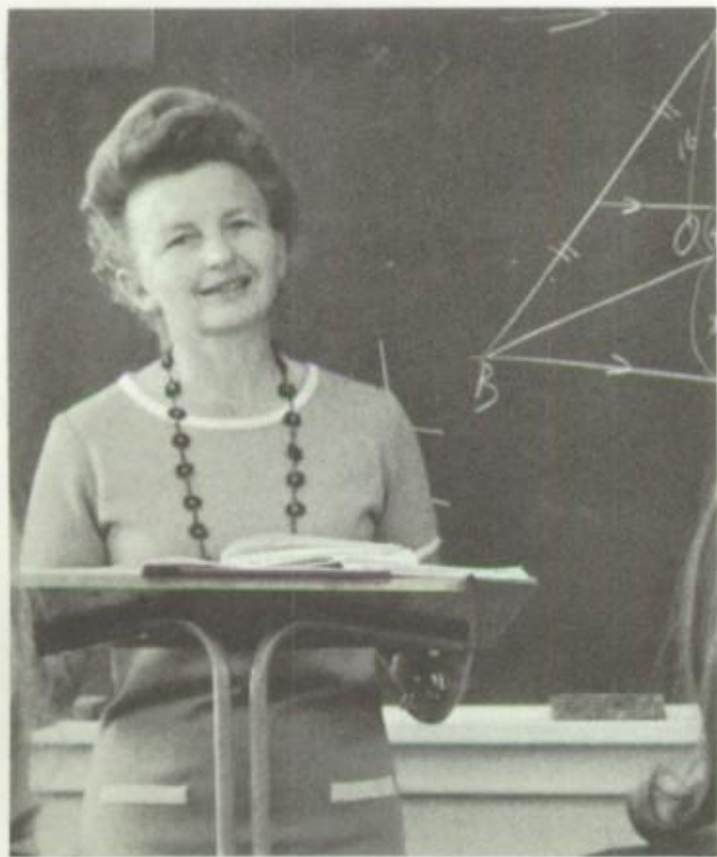
The two words that best describe Sister José Maria are enthusiasm and energy. Sister has a plentiful supply of both. Not only does she teach Spanish and Sophomore Religion, she is also moderator of the Spanish Club and the Sodality, and school accountant.

Sister believes that everyone has a definite purpose in life. "Aim high," she advises young people. "Work and prayer are the keys to success."

Barbara Rose



Sister José Maria



Mrs. Bertram Rowe

Angles, circles, and squares are indicative of the precise and orderly mind of Mrs. Bertram Rowe. Algebra and Geometry students admire and appreciate her English accent and her efficient teaching.

Born in Milford Haven, Wales, Mrs. Rowe attended Stockwell College, which is a branch of London University, and later she taught in London for three years. Her marriage to a British Police Officer took her to Bombay, India, where he was stationed. After several years, he was transferred to Sind, which is now a part of Pakistan, and later to Larkana, where Mrs. Rowe had the distinction of being its first white woman resident.

In 1947 the family left India to vacation in Illinois. They fell in love with the United States and stayed on in Illinois for some five years, then moved to California. The Rows have lived in Ventura for the past five years.

Before coming to St. Catherine's, Mrs. Rowe was engaged in training twenty unemployed women as medical secretaries in connection with President Kennedy's Manpower Development Training Program.

Mrs. Rowe's ready advice to students is "Work hard; you'll never regret it."

Mary Ellen Jones

Hoffman Hall houses the library of the Academy of St. Catherine, but it wouldn't be of much value without its devoted librarian, Sister Mercedes Marie. Sister has spent eleven years at the Academy, teaching students how to gain knowledge from books.

Sister was born in Utah and spent many of her youthful hours reading a good book. She also enjoyed art work and hiking in the Wasatch Mountains with her three brothers. She received her high school education at St. Mary's Academy in Salt Lake City. Later she acquired her bachelor's degree at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, her Master's degree from the Catholic University of America, and a library credential from the University of Utah.

Sister's first experience in teaching was here at St. Catherine's in the early days of its foundation. Five years ago she returned to take over the responsibility of school librarian.

Sister Mercedes Marie is always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to an inquiring student. She is acquainted with every book on her library shelves and well qualified to advise students in their choice of books.

Kathe Cummings



Sister Mercedes Marie



Sister Mary Donald

A native Californian from Fresno, Sister M. Donald serves St. Catherine's as head of the science department, director of the Apostles of Prayer, and sponsor of the Freshman class.

Sister received her B.A. degree with a major in Mathematics from the College of St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch in Salt Lake City, Utah, and her M.A. with a major in Chemistry from Creighton University in Omaha. Like all dedicated teachers, Sister continues to improve the quality of her teaching through additional graduate courses.

Sister's intellectual interests follow her choice of college majors, and the space program presently heads her list. Outside the classroom, Sister's hobbies include tennis, hiking, chess, and cooking.

Sister M. Donald concerns herself not only with the intellectual improvement of her students, but also with their spiritual and physical development as preparation for their future role as Christian women.

Mary Studer



Sister Helen Agnes

One of the warmest personalities on campus is that of Sister Helen Agnes. Sister was born in Ashton, Nebraska, and it was here that she received her first lessons in the art of cooking. Her mother, who was an excellent cook, taught her all the tricks.

Even though Sister is extremely busy, she always has time for a cheerful smile and hello. Her outgoing nature has brought her into contact with most of the students, and she has never been known to forget a name. During her eight years at St. Catherine's, Sister has established a reputation for generosity. Whenever anyone comes to her kitchen door, she is welcomed with a treat of cookies or candy. Sister likes nothing better than making others happy.

During the thirty-five years Sister has cooked for her Sisters of the Holy Cross, she has developed a philosophy by which she governs her daily life: "Never get discouraged. When something doesn't turn out right, pick up the pieces and start over again."

Susan Davis

To the students of St. Catherine's, Mrs. H. K. Guthrie is as familiar a part of the school on the hill as Moreau Hall. She was born in Ojai, California, and at the age of eight determined that she would become a Physical Education teacher. Her training included intensive practice at Nordhoff High School where she was a three-year letterman in baseball, basketball, volleyball and track. Her desire for further instruction took her to UC Santa Barbara.

A long-time sports enthusiast, Mrs. Guthrie likes her recreation on the athletic side with emphasis on outdoor sports, especially swimming, tennis and baseball. She literally spends hours on the tennis court, not only perfecting her own techniques, but helping others become more expert in the game. Annually Mrs. Guthrie contributes her time and experience to the success of St. Catherine's invitational tournament, which attracts tennis enthusiasts from high schools all over southern California.

Today Mrs. Guthrie drives herself and her students with the same enthusiasm and determination she had in her youth. She loves the work and enjoys sharing the fun of it with her students.



Mrs. H. K. Guthrie

Kathe Cummings



Mrs. Agnes Pollock

To become a gracious lady is the desire of every St. Catherine's girl. This quality is admirably exemplified in the person of Mrs. Agnes Pollock.

Born in Reno, Nevada, Mrs. Pollock received her elementary and high school education in Auburn, California. She continued her studies at San Jose State and at UC Berkeley Summer sessions, majoring in Elementary Education. Practicing her profession, Mrs. Pollock spent fourteen years as a grade school teacher and six years as a substitute teacher in Ventura County.

After her retirement, Mrs. Pollock, wishing to continue her instruction of youth, became an active participant in local CCD work and retained her membership in the California Teachers' Association and the National Educational Association.

As study hall proctor and Co-Advisor of the CSF, Mrs. Pollock is highly respected for her gentle efficiency. She enjoys her experience as a faculty member of the Academy of St. Catherine, which she describes as "a wonderfully friendly school."

Annette Bordagaray

Having taught seven years at St. Catherine's, Mrs. Bagley has contributed much to the development of the academy. Under her supervision, advanced Spanish and art classes were added to the curriculum. She also sponsored the first Spanish Club.

Until she was twelve years old, Mrs. Bagley attended a Spanish-speaking school, where she taught herself to read English. After graduating from high school, she attended Harriet Sophie Newcomb Memorial College of Tulane University, Juarez University, and USC. Presently she is enrolled at San Fernando State College.

Mrs. Bagley's life is not limited to learning and teaching; she is a wife and the mother of four children, and finds time for outside interests, such as ballet, folk dancing, travel, cooking, painting, and drawing. She is best known to her students for her appreciation of art and her talent and inspiration in that particular field.

Gwenn Books



Mrs. Philip Bagley



Mrs. Edward Carroll

Mrs. Edward Carroll came to St. Catherine's in 1961. Her first two years were crowded with an all-day schedule, teaching English, Speech and American History. In 1963, she took on the responsibility of Junior Class Sponsor. Now on a half-day schedule, she teaches Latin, Religion, and Speech Arts.

Mrs. Carroll proudly boasts Montana State University as her Alma Mater. There she received her degree, majoring in English and Latin. Before moving to Ventura, she taught at Butte High School in her home town.

Annually Mrs. Carroll contributes her time and experience to the Senior Class Play, choosing some popular Broadway production. Whether the choice be mystery or comedy, the senior play meets with success both as an entertainment and as a financial contribution to the school budget. Mrs. Carroll also sponsors the annual Lions' Club Speech and the American Legion Democracy contest to which her contestants make creditable contributions.

Emily Perry

Mrs. Bernard Tracy was born in Kansas City, Missouri. When she was five years old, her father's business brought the family to California. She returned to Missouri for her Senior year in high school and was graduated from Northwest High School. Mrs. Tracy's favorite studies were typing, accounting, and business administration, both in high school and college.

After two years experience in the office at St. Bonaventure High School, Mrs. Tracy came to St. Catherine's in the fall of 1965, where she has become an essential cog in the wheel of business administration. Gracious and helpful both to faculty and students, Mrs. Tracy contributes greatly to the efficiency of the business office.

As she has six children of her own, Mrs. Tracy is involved in many youth activities, such as Brownies, Girl Scouts, and the Catholic Youth Organization. Her patience and understanding prove that she enjoys working with teenagers and cares a great deal about the future of the younger generation.

Carol Stansbury



Mrs. Bernard Tracy



Sister Marie Patrice

Sister Marie Patrice is a newcomer to St. Catherine's. A happy, energetic person she guides her students to a knowledge of Religion, English and French. Her spare time is devoted to classical music, reading and playing chess. For outdoor recreation Sister enjoys swimming, hiking, and sleigh riding where the climate permits.

Sister Marie Patrice is sponsor of the Senior Class and moderator of the French Club; to both she contributes her interest and enthusiasm.

Sister's alert mind and smiling face add to the liveliness of her classroom activities. She is by nature a sociable person and always has time for a friendly chat.

Diane Borrego

Music is essential to the education of the whole person believes Mrs. Priscilla Justheim, choral director at St. Catherine's.

Mrs. Justheim received her A.A. degree from Boston Teachers' College and studied voice at the New England Conservatory of Music. She taught in a number of Boston schools before coming to the West coast. Her warm smile and gentle personality has been a singular part of St. Catherine's for the past twelve years.

As a member of the faculty she has contributed greatly to the musical growth of the academy. She believes that all schools should provide courses in music education and that more time should be devoted to it. Following this conviction, Mrs. Justheim initiated the choral instruction of the grade school shortly after her arrival at ASC. She was also responsible for the school's participation in the Archdiocesan Music Festival in Los Angeles. In fact, she was chairman of the preliminary regional Music Festival for Santa Barbara and Ventura counties.

Long after graduation, a former member of the Choral Club remembers with pleasure the Monday and Wednesday song fests; the gracious lady behind the music stand; and the sound of youthful voices. For her, Mrs. Justheim will always be a treasured part of St. Catherine's.

Janet Begosh



Mrs. Priscilla Justheim



Sister Agnes Imelda
Advisor



Marette Esperance
Student Body President



Dede Maulhardt
Vice-President



Anne Chess
Secretary

The Student Council is constituted of Sister Agnes Imelda, Advisor, ASB Officers, CSF President, GAA President, Director of Interest Clubs, Representative of School Publications, Sodality Prefect, Apostles of Prayer Prefect, VCISC Representatives and Class Representatives.

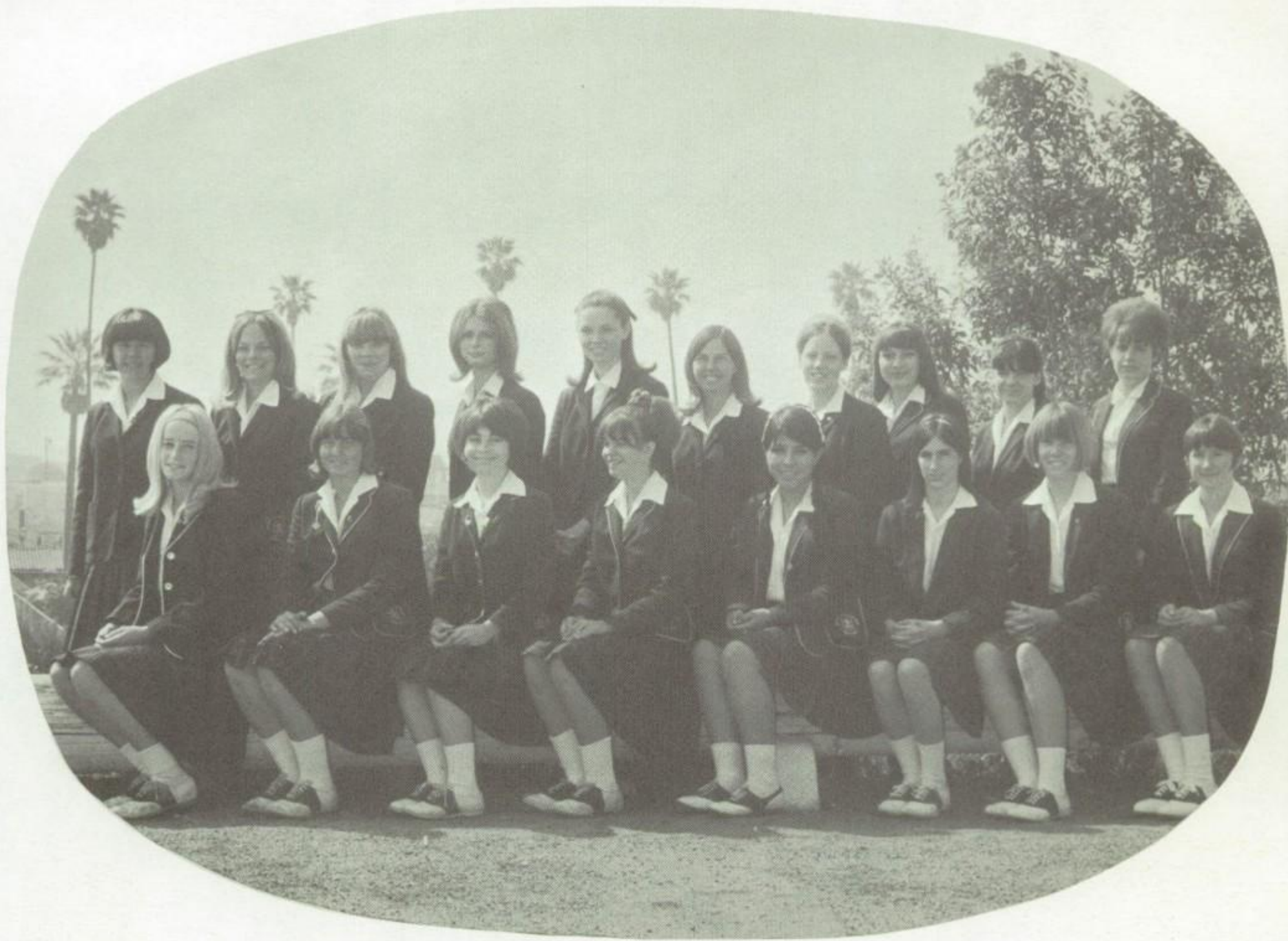
The Associated Student Body of St. Catherine's is one of sixteen high schools holding membership in the Ventura County Inter-School Council, whose purpose is to promote unity among the schools and to build strong student leaders.

Events sponsored by the ASB include Orientation Day, the Magazine Drive, the Christmas Party, the Student Body Formal, the ASB Picnic, monthly meetings and special assemblies. During the fall of 1966, the Student Council revised their Constitution, modifying the demerit system.



Stephanie Chess
Treasurer

Student Government



STUDENT COUNCIL: (*Standing*) Marette Esperance, Emily Perry, DeAnn Maulhardt, Theresa Richards, Nadene Carroll, Martha Keigher, Betsy Sullivan, Carol Stansbury, Barbara Rose, Kathe Cummings. (*Sitting*) Kerry Coughlin, Anne Chess, Theresa Lukes, Stephanie Chess, Chris Roman, Martha Griffin, Elizabeth Yunger, Mary Voelker



Spinning Song

*Memories, memories
Spinning by,
Treasured thoughts
That never die.
Weaving patterns
From days of old
When joy was innocence
And charity was gold.*

*Memories, memories
Molding minds
From lovely fragments
Of ancient times.
Memories precious
To those who care,
Forever lasting,
Forever rare.*

JANET BEGOSH





IN MEMORIAM

Mary Kathryn Salisbury

1949-1967

FAREWELL TO KAY

Fine, golden hair,
Wings stirring the air,
A loved voice sings
Of heavenly things
From the cold stones
In soft alto tones.

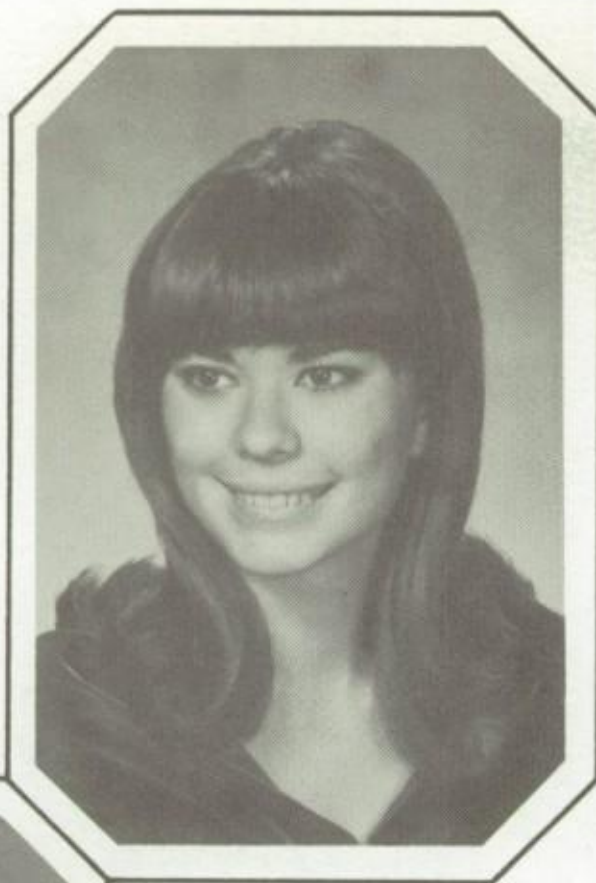
Delicate, frail bones
In bright pink dressed,
Combed and pressed;
Lips firmly set,
Uttering no regret,
Ready to depart,

You break my heart.

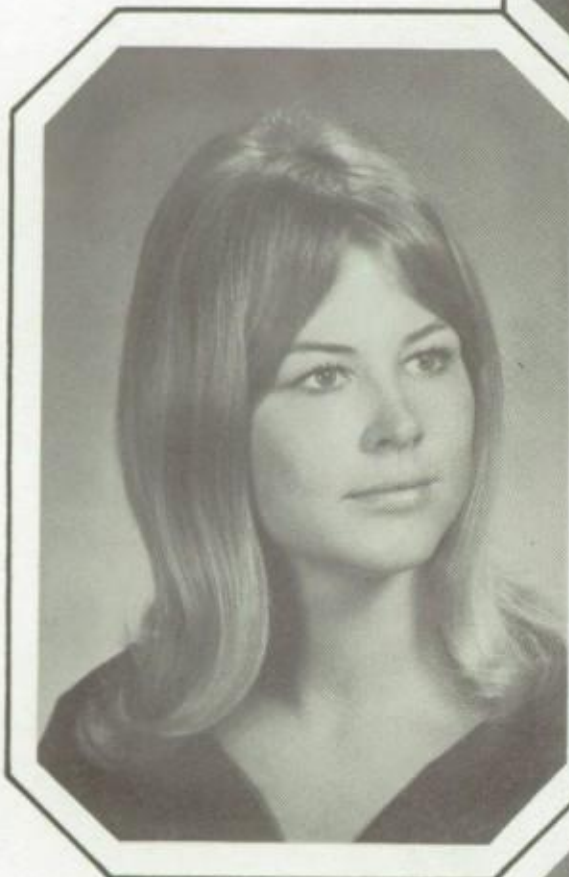
KATHE CUMMINGS, '67

Seniors *'67*

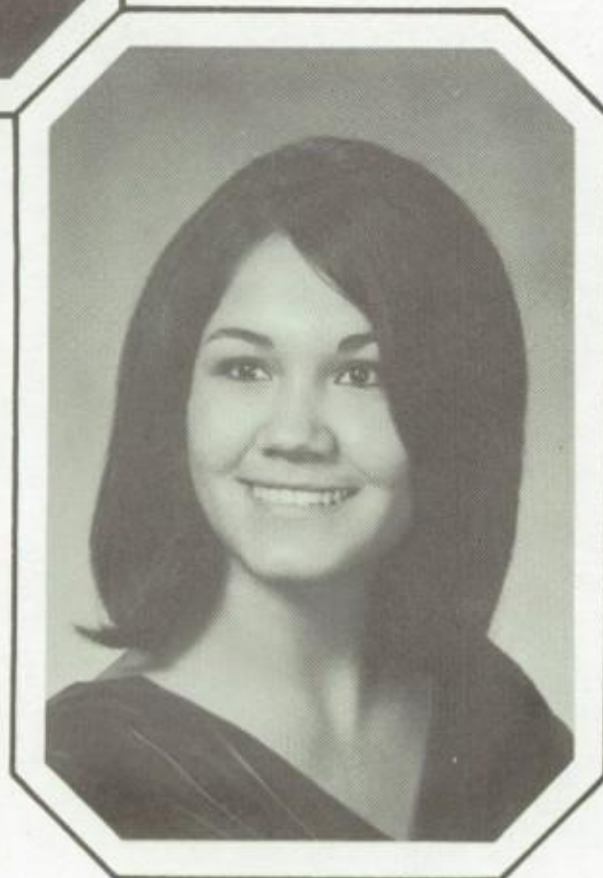
Janet Begosh



Gwenn Books

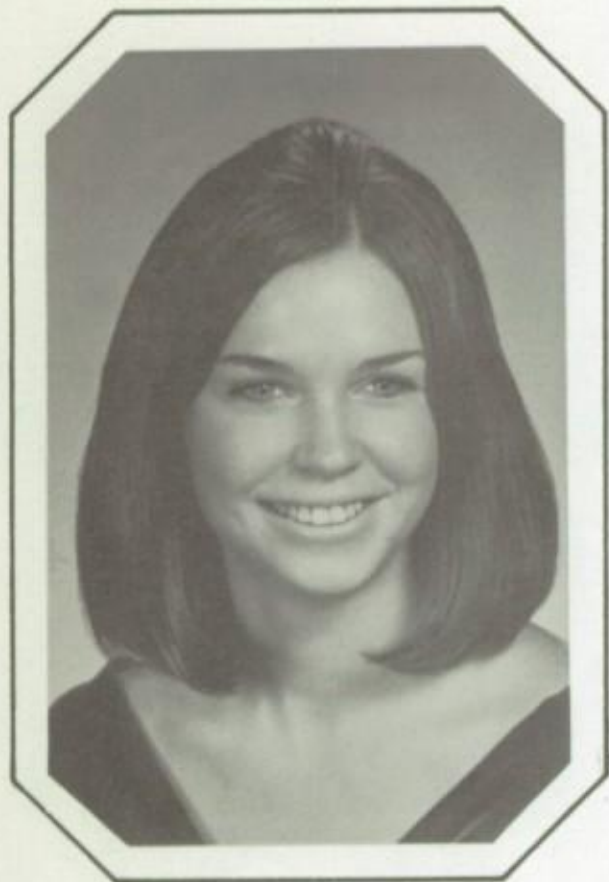


Diane Borrego



Sister Marie Patrice
Class Sponsor

Nadene Carroll



Patricia Conroy



Kathe Cummings



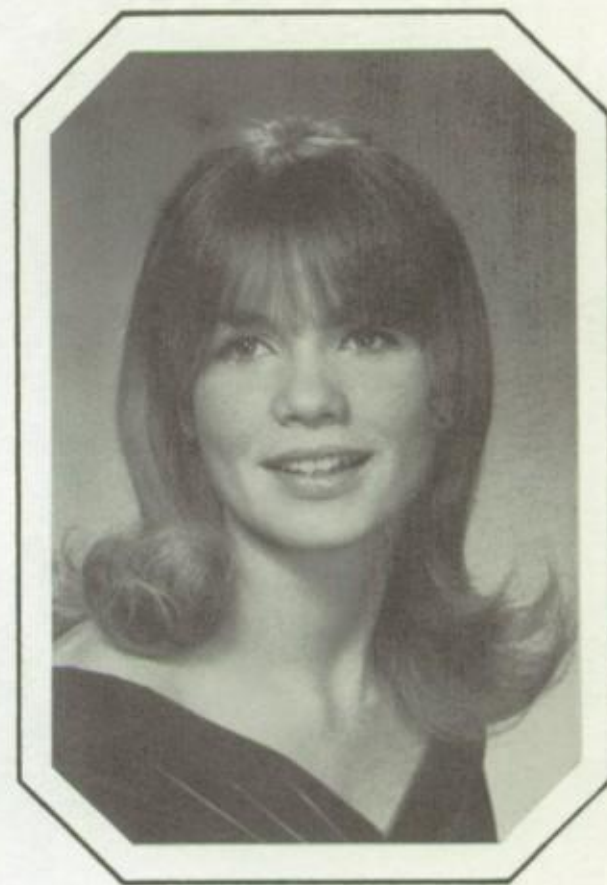
Liana Caswell

Susan Davis

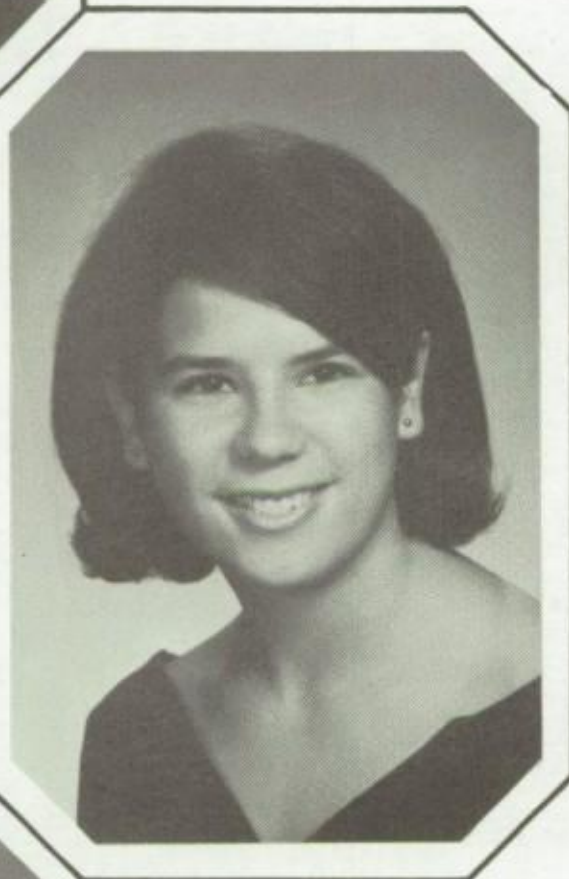




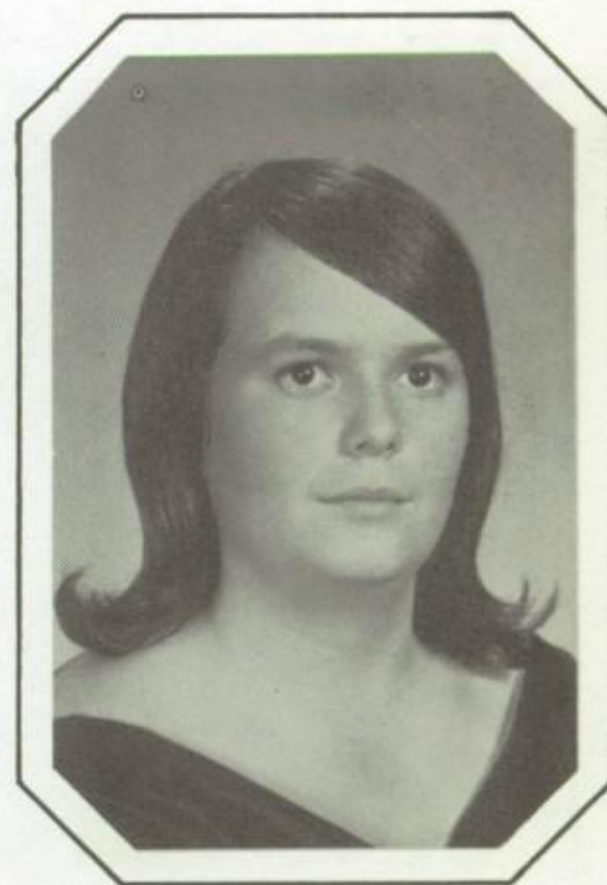
Carol Drew



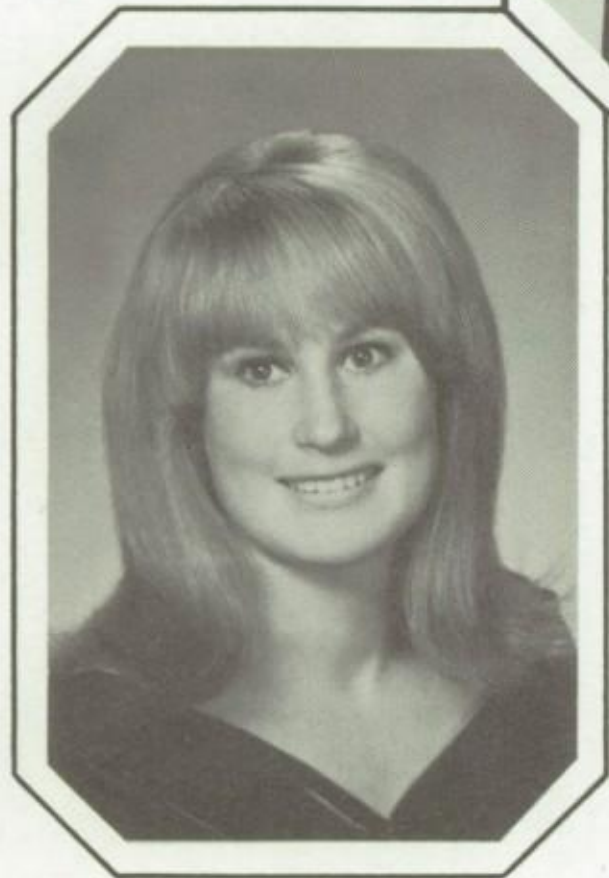
Melanie Harpe



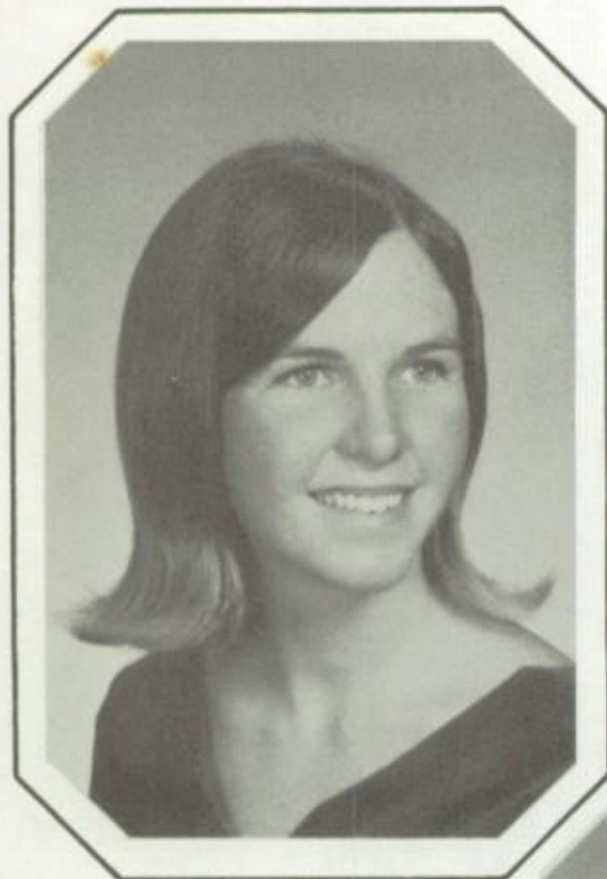
Marette Esperance



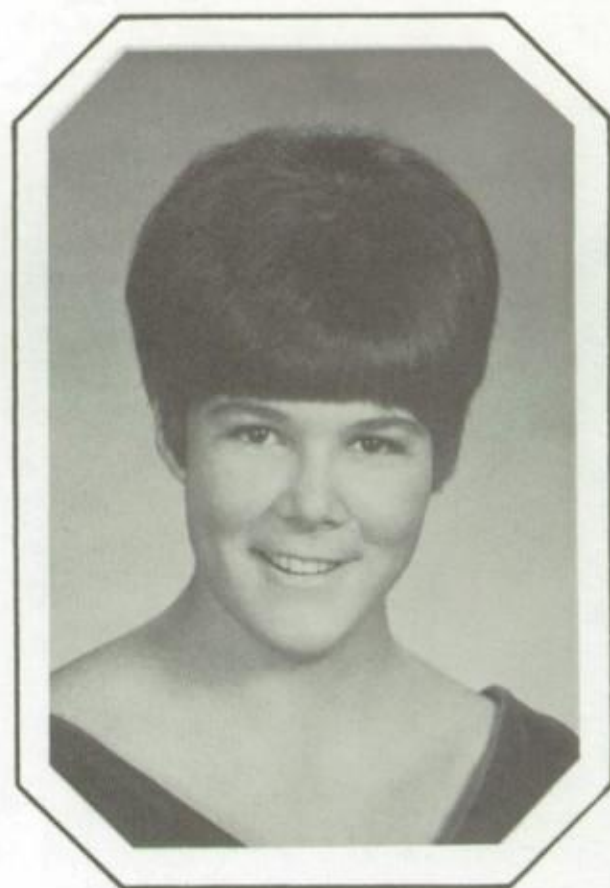
Kathleen Fay



Kathy Jenks

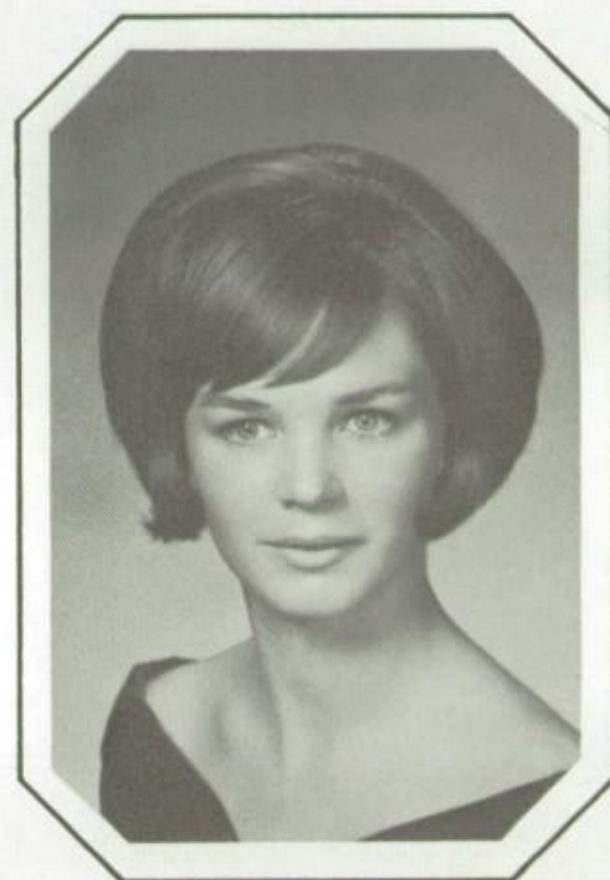
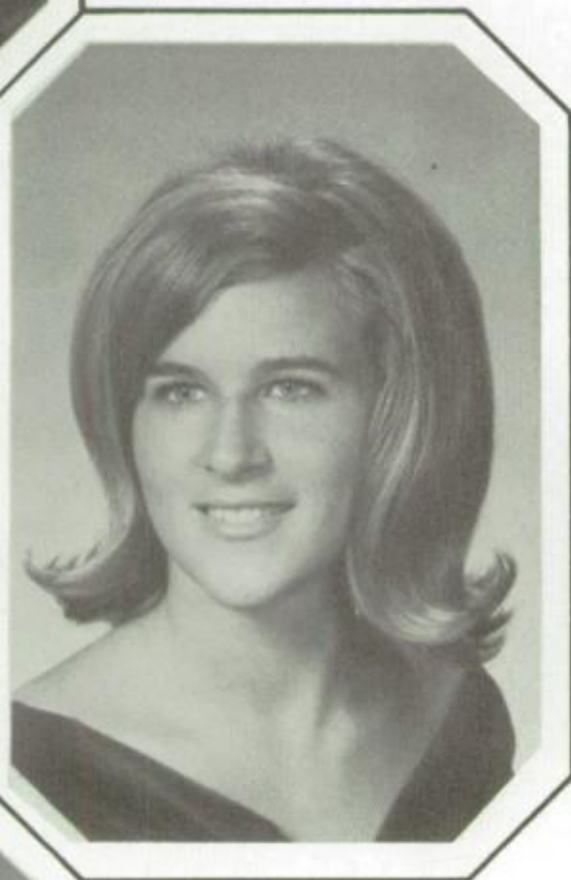


Martha Keigher



Bridgit McGrath

Susan Le Mieux



Nancy Mahon

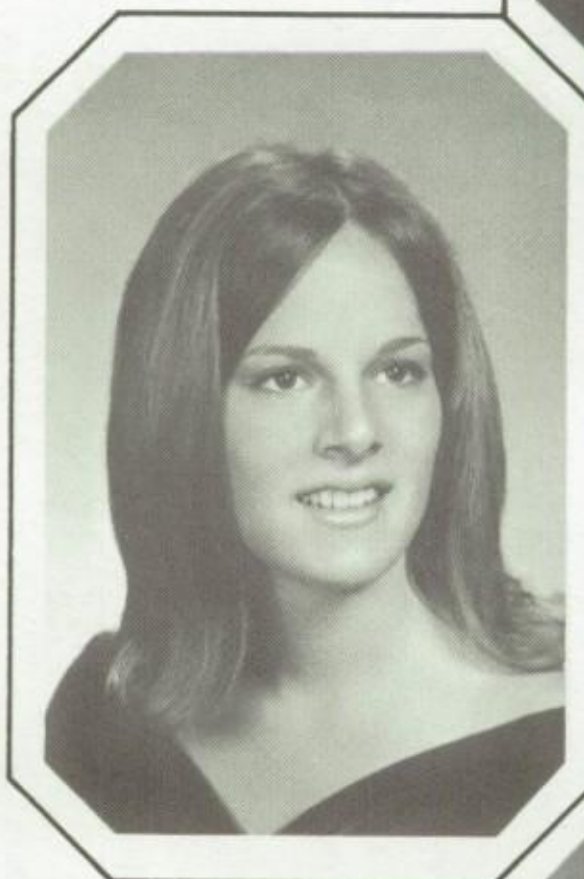
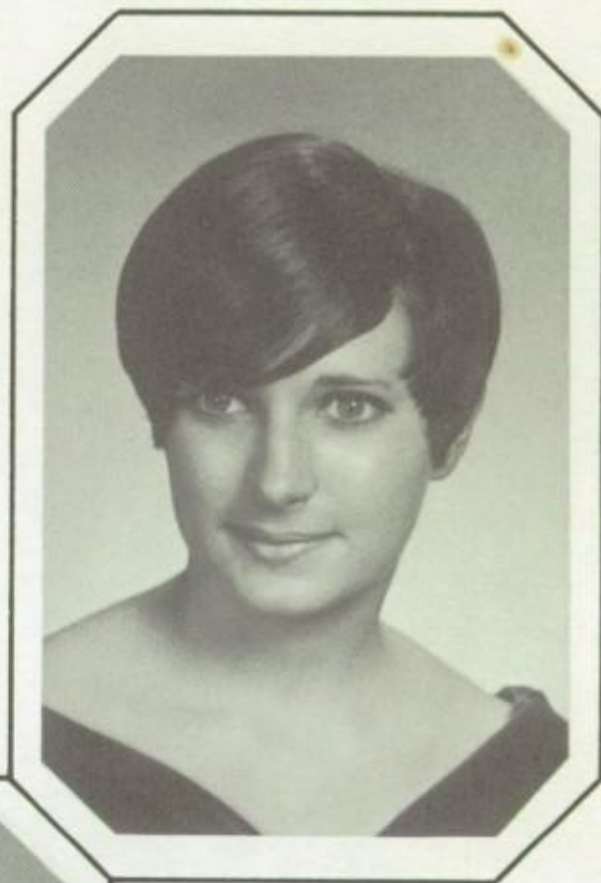
Kathleen McCarthy



Dede Maulhardt



Toni Muzio

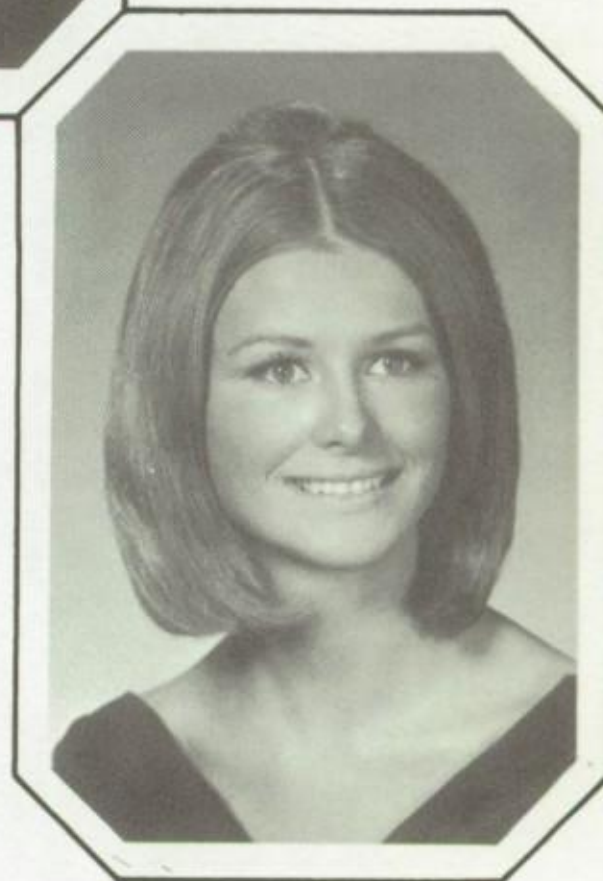


Emily Perry

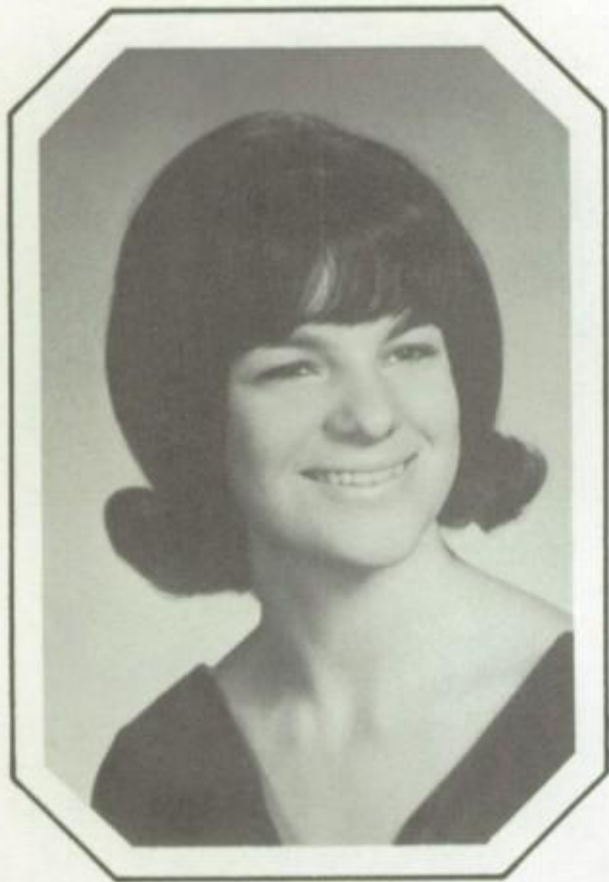


Nancy Maulhardt

Theresa Richards



Barbara Rose



Carol Stansbury

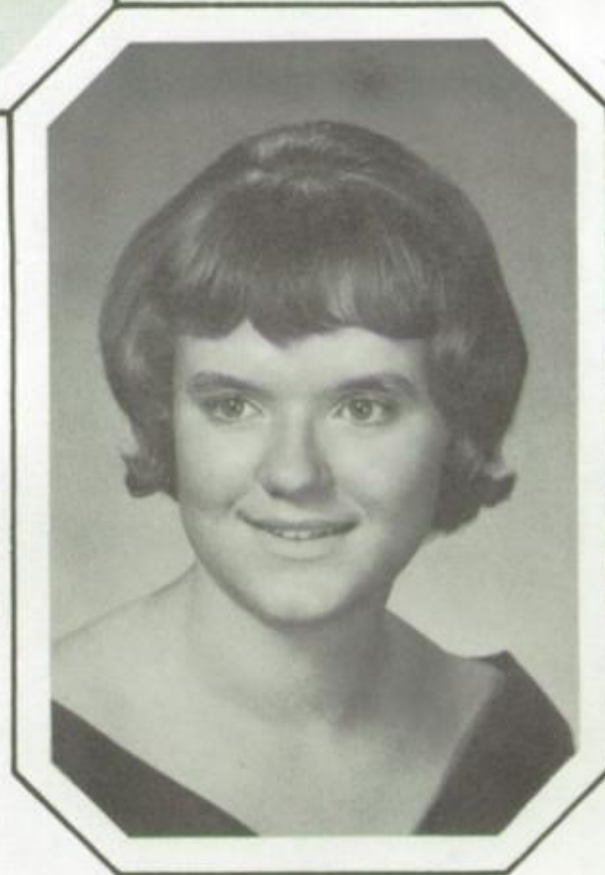


Sarah Stock



Mary Kay Salisbury

Mary Studer



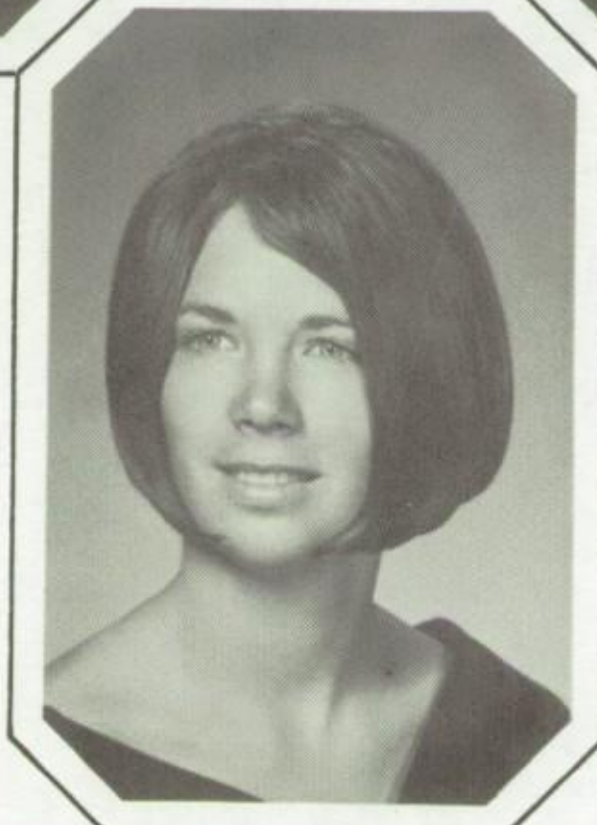


*Elizabeth
Sullivan*



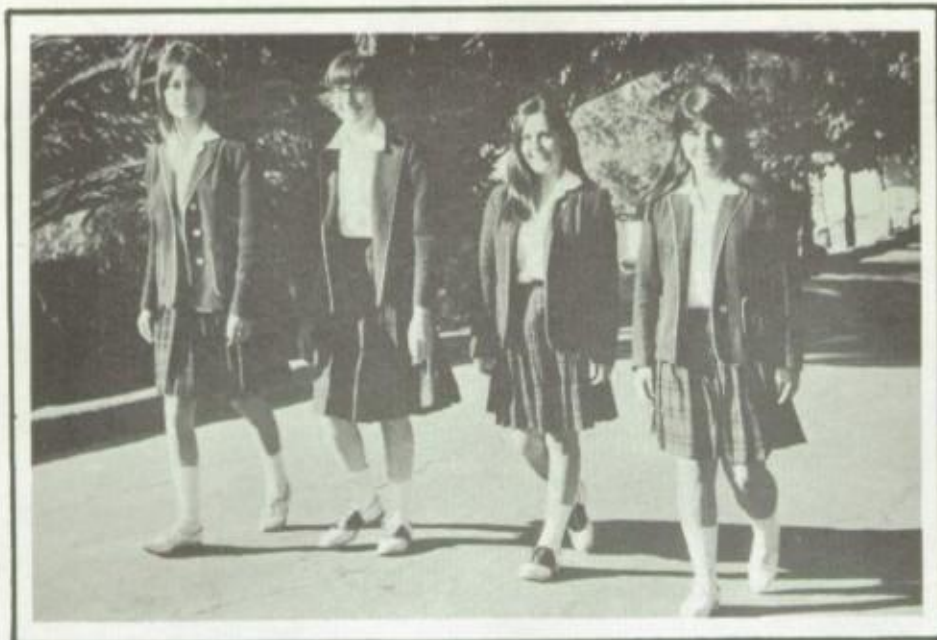
Maureen Tracy

Kathleen Walsh



Juniors

1967



CLASS OFFICERS: Annette Bordagaray, *Secretary*; Mary Pat Mangan, *Treasurer*; Barbara Marquez, *President*; and Chris Roman, *Vice-President*



C. Barrett



L. Bixby



A. Bordagaray



A. Chess



C. Connors



M. Conroy



S. Coughlin



T. Gallop



M. Garcia



I. Hodgins



M. E. Jones



R. Kack



K. Klock



R. King



M. McCandless



C. McGrane



M. P. Mangan



B. Marquez



Senior Sarah Stock places a Junior Ring on Kathy Klock's finger during the Ring Ceremony.



Mrs. Edward Carroll, *Class Sponsor*

Juniors



C. Melhorn



P. Roberts



C. Roman



S. Shade



G. Skinner



S. Valdes



M. Voelker



P. Wah



E. Widdowson



A. Baker



B. Brassard

Sophomores

1967



C. J. Bruer



B. Cabral



S. Chess



C. Cooley



K. Coughlin



D. Doles



C. Eckre



CLASS OFFICERS: Barbara Gius, *Vice-President*; Cindy Smith, *Secretary*; Ann Baker, *Treasurer*; Terry Lukes, *President*.



T. Fergusson



C. Ferro



B. Gius

Sophomores



V. Henderson



L. James



R. Lozano



Sister Jose Maria
Class Sponsor



C. Lucking



T. Lukes



M. P. McGrath



C. Mahon



B. Mendoza



Carly Lucking and Betsy Duncan-Clark study a map related to Biblical history.



P. Munoz,



M. Reiman



T. Sanchez

1967



M. Simard



C. Smith



K. Straughan



C. Tiffany



N. Westerfield



J. Zehe



V. Antonelis



Sister Mary Donald
Sponsor



K. Davis



P. Bagley



K. Duce

Freshmen



P. Eckre



J. Frost



V. Estrada



M. Fuentes



M. Galvan



A. Gooden



M. Griffin



K. Keigher



C. Lagomarsino



K. Lagomarsino



R. Lammers



S. Ludeman



L. McAtee



B. Medina



L. Nolton



K. O'Neill



S. Power



C. Roguski

19
67



S. Salisbury



E. Silvestri



M. Soncrant



T. Suflita



P. Temple



C. Tempske



M. Whelchel



CLASS OFFICERS: Suzanne Powers, *Treasurer*; Martha Griffin, *Vice-President*; Elizabeth Yunger, *President*; Julianne Frost, *Secretary*.



E. Yunger



J. Winter



M. Zimmerly



Sister Jose Maria
Advisor

Sodality of Our Lady

The Sodality is a religious organization dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. On October 4, 1966, before Holy Mass offered by Msgr. Daniel Hurley, 22 probationers were welcomed into the Sodality and officially began the Sodality way of life.

November brought Thanksgiving baskets for needy families in the county. During Advent the Sodalists gathered each morning to light the Advent candle and prepare for the coming of the Christ Child. February 10-12 found thirty-five seniors and juniors at a closed retreat in San Fernando.

Clothing and food were periodically collected for an orphanage in Tijuana. In May the Student Body gathered to honor the Blessed Mother in the annual May Procession, sponsored by the Sodality.



Members: Pam Wah, Sharon Coughlin, Barbara Marquez, Peggy Garcia, Emily Perry, Marette Esperance, Barbara Rose, Maureen Tracy, Toni Muzio, Kathe Cummings, Nancy Maulhardt, Pat Conroy, Kathy Walsh, Theresa Gallop, Janet Begosh, Betsy Sullivan, Ida Hod-



SODALITY OFFICERS: *Prefect* Betsy Sullivan; *Vice-Prefect* Kathe Cummings; *Secretary-Treasurer* Mary Voelker.

gins, Diane Borrego, Susan Davis, Christine McGrane, DeAnn Maulhardt, Gwenn Books, Pat Roberts, Kathie Fay, Theresa Richards, Peggy Conroy, Mary Ellen Jones, Bridgit McGrath, Nadene Carroll, Chris Roman, Mary Pat Mangan, Chris Melhorn, Susan Shade, Annette Bordagaray, Marilyn McCandless, Kathy Klock, Cecilia Barrett, Mary Voelker, Renee Kack, Colleen Connors.



COMMITTEE HEADS: Bridgit McGrath, Susan Davis, Mary Ellen Jones, Diane Borrego

Sodalists admire the entries in the poster contest.

Betsy Sullivan, Anne Chess and Mary Ellen Jones prepare a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family.



Betsy Sullivan, May Queen



PROBATIONERS: Paula Munoz, Rosemary Lozano, Linda James, Tommie Sanchez, Kathy Straughan, Chris Cooley



MEMBERS (*Seated*): Chris Tempske, Evonne Sylvestri, Karen Keigher, Marie Soncrant, Alison Gooden, Belia Cabral, Kerry Coughlin, Chris Lagomarsino, Berta Medina, Maria Galvan, Kathy O'Neill, Valerie Antonelis, Mary Fuentes, Susan Ludeman, Martha Griffin, Karen Lagomarsino, Karen Duce, Paula Eckre, (*Standing*) Pattie Temple, Liz Yunger, Theresa Suflita, Julianne Frost, Maureen Zimmerly, Vicky Estrada, Kathy Jenks, Carly Lucking, Mary Welchel, Trish Bagley, Connie Roguski, Linda McAtee, Anne Chess, Stephanie Chess, Theresa Lukes, Bonnie Brassard, Donna Doles, Marie Simard.

Apostles of Prayer

The Apostles of Prayer strive to improve themselves spiritually and pray for the needs of the world. The local organization sponsors such activities as arranging the altar and providing flowers for First Friday Mass, an annual luncheon, and clothing and food drives to help the needy. The Apostles of Prayer have bi-monthly meetings to plan future activities and to discuss controversial religious matters.



President Kerry Coughlin discusses meeting plans with Vice-President Karen Lagomarsino and Treasurer Marie Simard.



Sister Mary Donald, *Moderator*, brings flowers for the altar.

Apostles at Prayer



COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN: Anne Chess, Kathy Jenks, Theresa Lukes

Morning Offering

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer You my prayers, works, joys and sufferings of this day in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world. I offer them for all the intentions of Your Sacred Heart: the salvation of souls, reparation for sin, the reunion of all Christians. I offer them for the intentions of our Bishops and of all Apostles of Prayer, and in particular for those recommended by our Holy Father.

Students visit the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel.



Msgr. Daniel Hurley offers Holy Mass for students on First Friday.



CSF



Guest speaker, Mr. Richard Gagnon, CSF Advisor at Ventura High School, addresses the student body



CSF OFFICERS: Marilyn McCandless, *Treasurer*; Carol Stansbury, *President*; Linda James, *Secretary*.

CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

St. Catherine's California Scholarship Federation chapter, moderated by Sister Mary Helen, plays an important part in the intellectual and cultural life of the school.

The first event on St. Catherine's CSF agenda was the induction held on September 23, 1966, of 25 honor students, the highest number of members since the founding of the chapter in April, 1957.

The Academy of St. Catherine hosted the CSF Fall Conference dinner on Oct. 20. Among those in attendance were Mrs. Margaret Sabine, district advisor, Sister Agnes Imelda, St. Catherine's principal, advisors and 80 honor students from Buena, Camarillo, Hueneme, Moorpark, Nordhoff, Oxnard, Santa Clara, Simi, Thousand Oaks, Ventura, Villanova, and St. Catherine's.

Other CSF activities in 1967 included a Gift Shop, the CSF Auction, the Ballet of Los Angeles at UCSB, the regional conference at UCLA, Honors Day, and the Mother-Daughter Tea in May. In accordance with the CFS motto, "Scholarship for Service," members volunteer to tutor those girls needing extra assistance in the art of learning.





CSF MEMBERS: Mary Voelker, Nancy Mahon, Maureen Tracy, Theresa Richards, Marette Esperance, Mary Studer, Carol Stansbury, Anne Chess, Theresa Lukes, Barbara Marquez, Christine McGrane, Christine Melhorn, Marilyn McCandless, Cecilia Barrett, Stephanie Chess, Marie Simard, Linda James, Bonnie Brasseur, Donna Doles, Barbara Gius, Kerry Coughlin, Annette Bordagaray, Kathy Walsh, Diane Borrego



District Representative, Mary Studer; District Treasurer, Mary Voelker; District Representative, Barbara Gius



CSF Advisor, Sister Mary Helen, challenges Martha Keigher to achieve high honors as Seal Bearer

FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS: Melanie Harpe, *President*; Annette Bordagaray, *Vice-President*; Cindy Smith, *Treasurer*; Barbara Gius, *Secretary*.



FRENCH CLUB MEMBERS: Nancy Mahon, Mary Pat McGrath, Susan Caswell, Theresa Gallop, Annette Bordagaray, Cindy Smith, Mary Ellen Jones, Sarah Stock, Barbara Gius, Terry Fergusson.

Under the guidance of Sister Marie Patrice, the French Club is now in its second year. This year's activities include: a trip to a Los Angeles theatre to see "Is Paris Burning?", lessons in preparing favorite French desserts, such as chocolate mousse, napoleons, and rum cakes, password and spell-it games in French. Adding a glamorous touch to the bi-monthly meetings, the club members staged a fashion show, each girl modeling French styles of different centuries.

Le Club Francais



Sponsor of the French Club, Sister Marie Patrice, plays one of her French records.



Advisor Sister Mary Helen crowds into Janet Begosh's and Emily Perry's picture.



President Chris McGrane
Vice-President Susie Le Mieux
Secretary Gwenn Books



MEMBERS OF SIENNA CERCLE: Chris Lagomarsino, Sue Ludeman, Karen Lagomarsino, Chris McGrane, Mary Pat McGrath, Colleen Connors, Susie Le Mieux, Gwenn Books, Marette Esperance, Theresa Richards, (not pictured) Linda Burr

Sienna Cercle

SIENNA CERCLE, named for St. Catherine Sienna, patroness of the Academy, is the oldest club on campus, organized by Sister Mary Helen in 1959. Its interests are primarily cultural, with special attention to the creative arts.

Among this year's projects were a visit to the Oxnard Art Center to view Sister Corita's serigraphs, an exhibition of some of the club members' own artistic creations, a viewing of some of Sister Helen's slides taken on her tour of Europe and the Near East, cultural movies and classical recordings.

The club was also instrumental in bringing to the campus Mary Louise Hickey in a solo dramatization of "A Majority of One."

The major event, however, was the Poetry Festival on Jan. 19, when 35 aspiring young poets read their "masterpieces" to the applause of faculty and fellow students. Mrs. Bess Harkins, California poet of national repute, read the prize poems, and Sr. Agnes Imelda presented the winners with books by favorite authors.

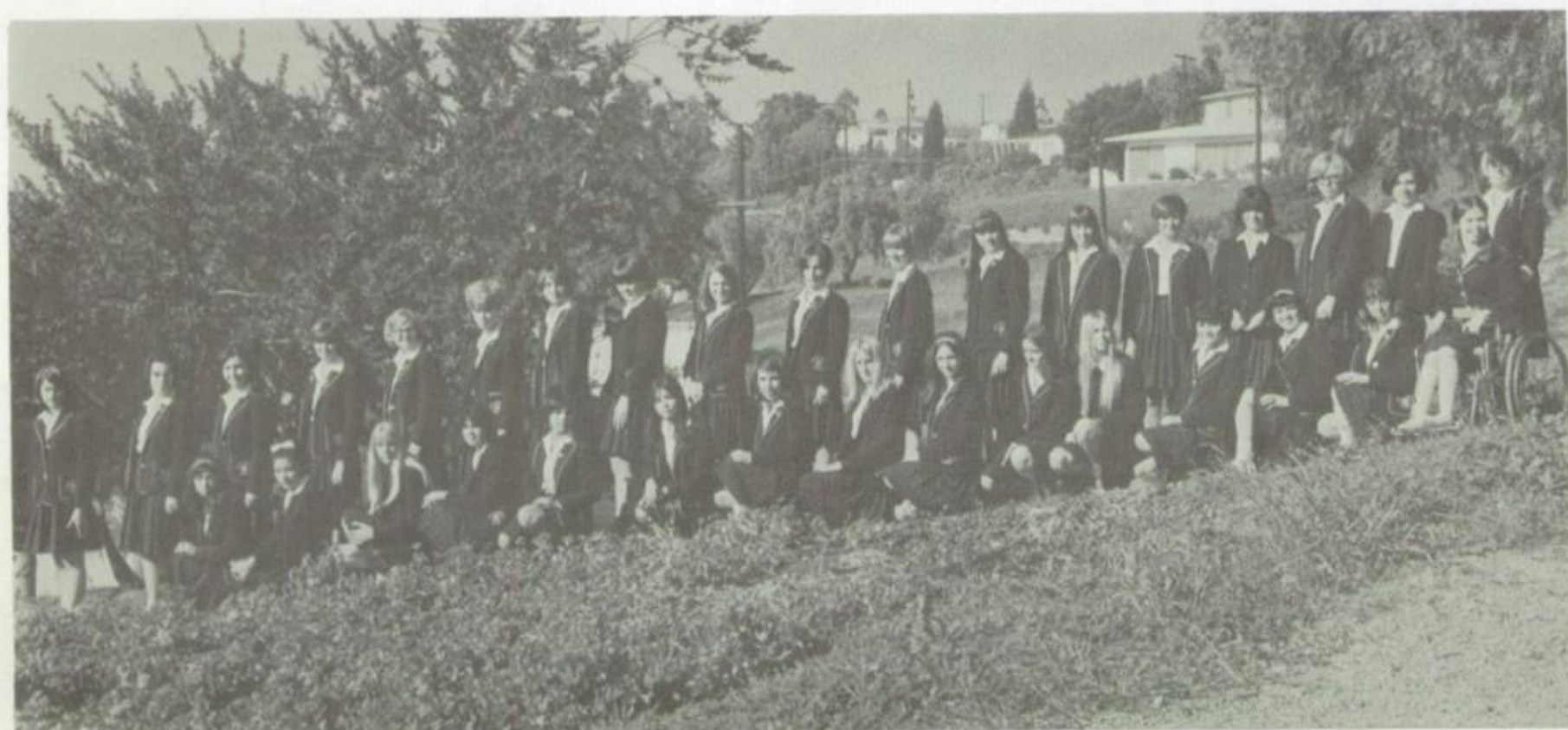


SPANISH CLUB OFFICERS: Bridgit McGrath, *President*; Roberta King, *Vice-President*; Barbara Mendoza, *Secretary-Treasurer*

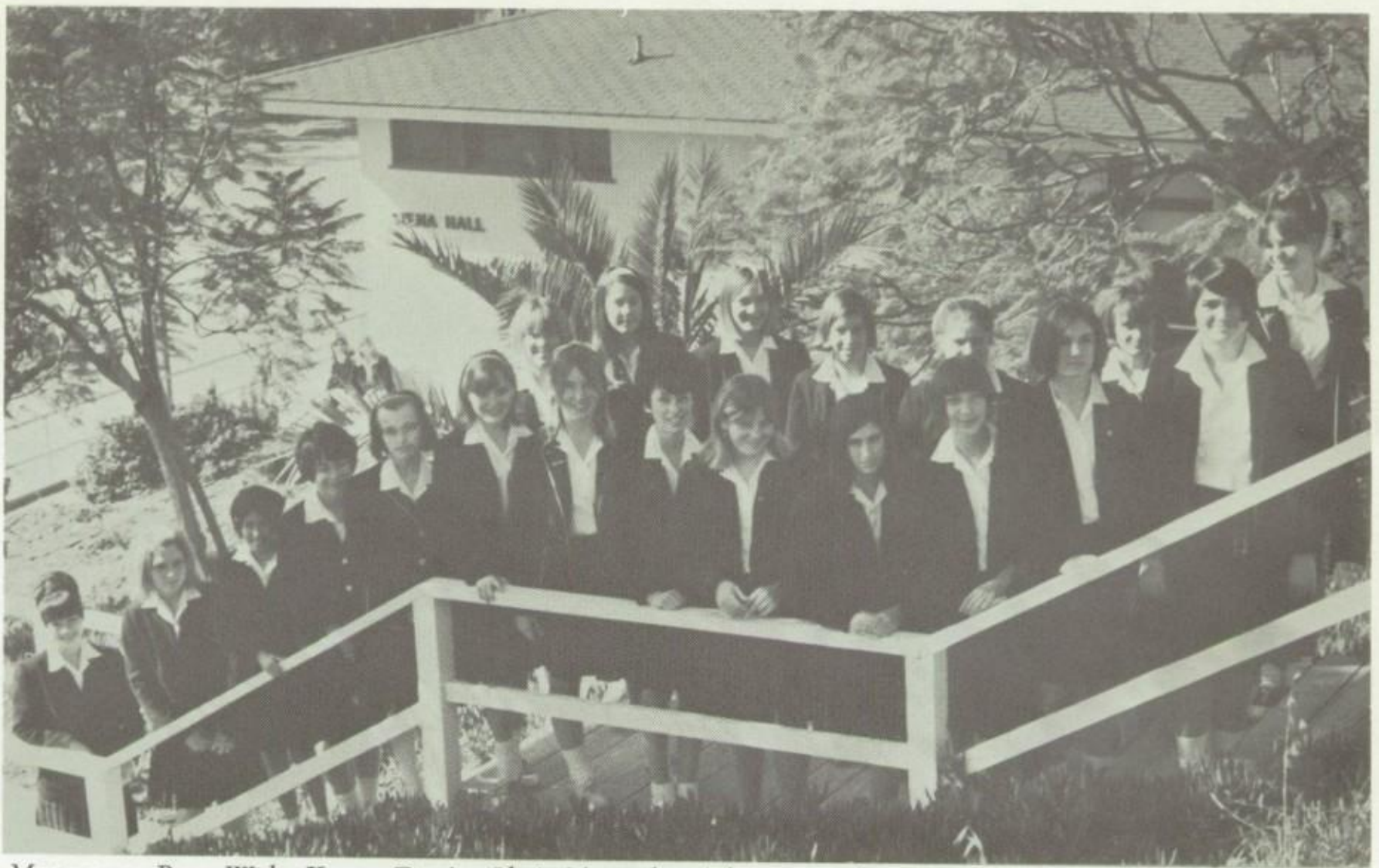
Led by Sister Jose Maria, the Spanish Club sponsored a successful Spanish luncheon and a fun-filled field trip to enjoy "Ballet Folklorico de Mexico" at the beautiful Los Angeles Music Center. During several meetings, travelers Bridgit McGrath and Mary Voelker gave talks and showed slides of their adventures in Spain. The students also enjoyed a spring lecture by Senor Angizolla, a Senator from Panama, and a student-sponsored program of Spanish skits, dances, and songs, occasionally interrupted by a familiar commercial translated into Spanish.



Sponsor Sister Jose Maria and Berta Medina display Spanish puppets



MEMBERS: (*Seated*) Rosemary Lozano, Maria Galvan, Trish Bagley, Berta Medina, Tommie Sanchez, Paula Munoz, Belia Cabral, Kerry Coughlin, Mimi Reiman, Carol Mahon, Germaine Skinner, Peggy Garcia, Sandra Valdes, Sharon Coughlin, Lillian Bixby (*Standing*) Kathy Eckre, Linda James, Marie Simard, Anne Chess, Marilyn McCandless, Renee Kack, Mary Voelker, Bridgit McGrath, Jackie Zehe, Kathy Straughan, Ann Baker, Carol Stansbury, Susan Davis, Toni Muzio, Barbara Rose, Cecilia Barrett, Pat Roberts, Ida Hodgins



MEMBERS: Pam Wah, Karen Davis, Chris Tempske, Theresa Lukes, Bonnie Brassard, Marie Soncrant, Liz Yunger, Karen Keigher, Theresa Suflita, Mary Fuentes, Maureen Zimmerly, Kathie O'Neill, Pattie Temple, Martha Griffin, Connie Roguski, Valerie Antonelis, Mary Whelchel, Donna Doles, Vicky Estrada, Stephanie Chess

Latin Club



OFFICERS: *President* Stephanie Chess, *Vice-President* Vicky Estrada, *Secretary* Liz Yunger and *Treasurer* Pattie Temple with Sponsor Mrs. Edward D. Carroll

Guided by their sponsor, Mrs. Edward Carroll, the Latin Club made original Christmas cards for the faculty. The movies, "Roman Culture," "Julius Caesar," and "Mythology" gave the students better appreciation and understanding of Roman language and customs. On Slave Day, club members were auctioned off to the highest bidder for a day of service. The profits purchased advanced readers for Latin students. St. Catherine's Latin Club holds membership in the Junior Classical League.



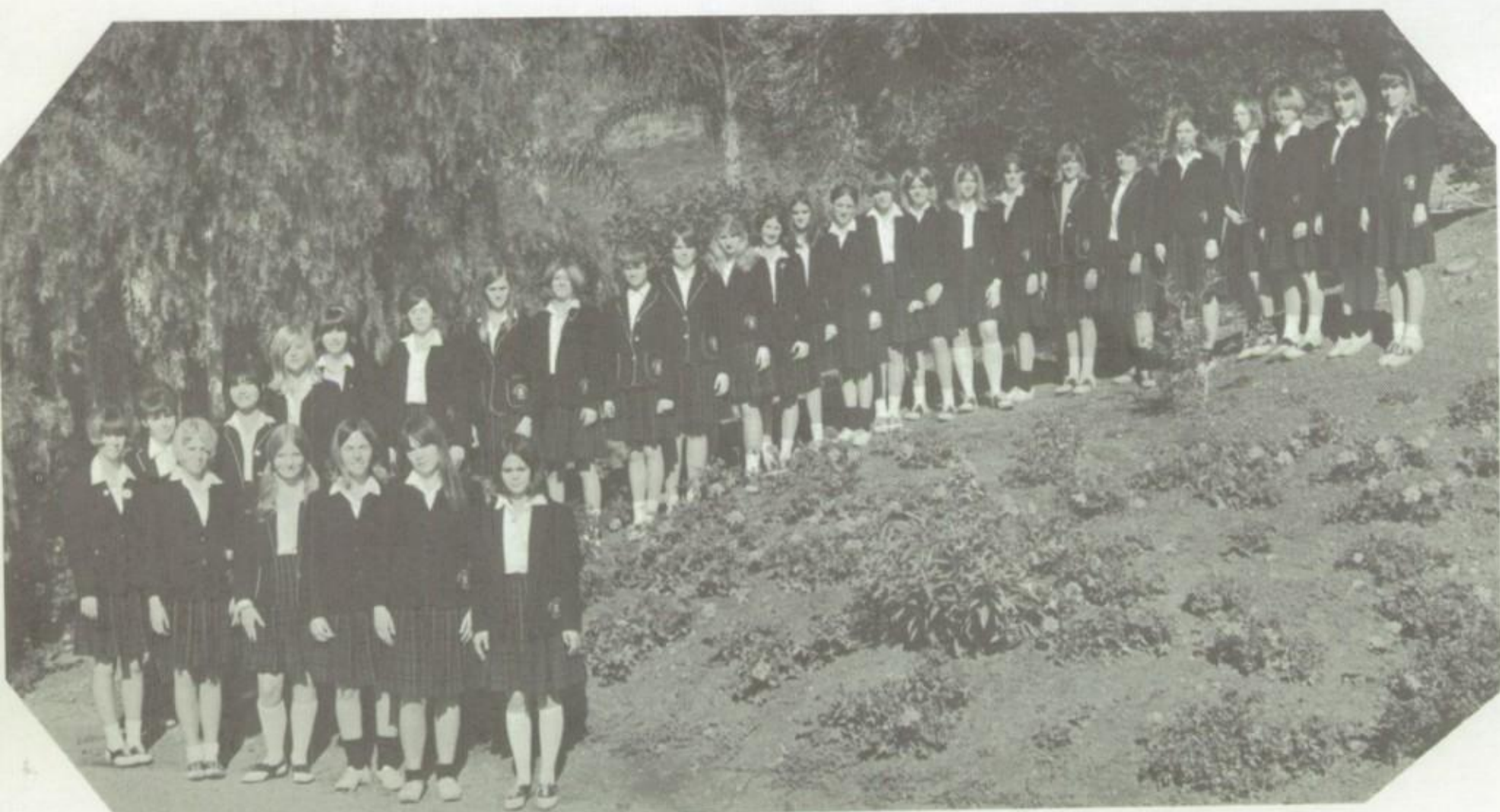
Sister Agnes Imelda, *Moderator*

The International Relations Club emphasizes the present need of an understanding of current international situations, political and economic.



IRC OFFICERS: Pat Conroy, *Vice-President*; Connie Tiffany, *Treasurer*; Kathy Jenks, *President*; Peggy Conroy, *Secretary*

IRC



MEMBERS: Evonne Sylvestri, Carol Drew, Martha Keigher, Susan Salisbury, Karen Duce, Alison Gooden, Kathe Cummings, Diane Borrego, Carly Lucking, Linda McAtee, Pat Conroy, Connie Tiffany, Julie Bruer, Chris Cooly, Vicki Henderson, Paula Eckre, Lori Nolton, Suzanne Power, Betsy Sullivan, Julianne Frost, Rayna Lammers, Joan Winters, Kathy McCarthy, Kathy Ferro, Kathy Jenks, Nadene Carroll, Kathy Walsh, Peggy Conroy, Dede Maulhardt, Chris Melhorn



The Speech Class selects the Senior play.

CAST

Sister Mary Gregory	Nadene Carroll
Connie McAdams	Nancy Maulhardt
Abigail Garvey	Emily Perry
Sister Fidelis	Carol Stansbury
Meta Rheinhold	Maureen Tracy
Sister Seraphim	Nancy Mahon
Angel Guardian	Marette Esperance
Dotti Devoise	Susie Le Mieux
Sadie Fuller	Diane Borrego
Mrs. J. Mosely Barr	Theresa Richards
Sister Ubaldus	Mary Studer
Jo Hurdles	Betsy Sullivan
Norma Glinsky	Kathy McCarthy
Francie Thompson	Kathy Walsh
Jeannie Rinn	Sarah Stock
Anna Chevoski	Lee Caswell
Margie Hansen	Toni Muzio
Nazi Spy	Kathie Fay
Student Director	Kathie Fay
Stage	Bridgit McGrath, Gwenn Books, Kathe Cummings

The Speech Arts Department of the Academy of St. Catherine presented "Career Angel" by Gerard Majella Murray April 20 and 21 at 8 p.m. in the school auditorium. This comedy involved the lives of adventure seeking girls living in an orphanage directed by the Sisters of Charity and the antics of a guardian angel. Directed by speech instructor, Mrs. Edward Carroll, the play offered intrigue and laughter for the audience.



Mrs. Edward Carroll, Speech and Drama Director

Speech

Art

Under the direction of Mrs. Dorothy Bagley, artistic students develop their creative abilities. Daily classes entail the study of the history of art and of reputed artists of all periods. Students experiment with water colors, oils, pastels, tempera and tissue paper. In the spring the Art Class enjoyed a trip to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art where they viewed the Renaissance and Baroque collections.



Rayna Lammers and Joan Winter add finishing touches to their burlap wall hangings



Margaret Meade thumbs through Mrs. Bagley's art collection



Mrs. Philip Bagley guides Alison Gooden on her art project.

Choral

Under the direction of Mrs. Priscilla Justheim, the choral club presents the traditional Christmas program, a spring recital, and the music for the Graduation Exercises in the Church of the Assumption.



Mrs. Priscilla Justheim, *Director*, and Maureen Tracy, *accompanist*



MEMBERS: Linda McAtee, Kathy Straughan, Marilyn McCandless, Pattie Temple, Susan Ludeman, Martha Griffin, Christine Tempske, Sharon Coughlin, Pam Wah, Theresa Lukes, Stephanie Chess, Marie Simard, Linda James, Terri Suflita, Terry Fergusson, Mimi Reiman, Valerie Antonelis, Mary Welchel, Marie Soncrant, Karen Keigher, Berta Medina, Evonne Silvestri, Mary Fuentes, Chris Cooley, Karen Lagomarsino, Liz Yunger, Kathy O'Neill, Barbara Gius, Vicky Estrada, Mary Pat McGrath, Julie Frost, Rayna Lammers, Connie Roguski, Maureen Zimmerly, Susanne Powers, Connie Tiffany, Christine Lagomarsino, Lori Nolton, Kerry Coughlin, Carly Lucking, Susan Caswell

Publications

Each year the Catalan staff strives to surpass the quality of the preceding annual with apparent success as is revealed in an examination of the yearbooks from 1955 to 1967.

The National Catholic Press Association conferred First Honors on the 1967 Catalan in its survey conducted by the Marquette University College of Journalism. The UCLA Rating Service rewarded the 1966 staff's efforts with a total of 1,380 Honor points out of a possible 1,350, having granted an extra bonus of 50 points for creativity. Comments from educators across the country applauded the Catalan for its theme—the life and labors of Father Serra—and its good taste and artistry.



Gwenn Books, Barbara Rose, Janet Begosh, Mary Ellen Jones, and Annette Bordagaray admire the prize winning Catalan with advisor, Sister Mary Helen.



Kathe Cummings
Yearbook Editor

STAFF MEMBERS: Mary Ellen Jones, Gwenn Books, Kathe Cummings, Annette Bordagaray, Emily Perry, Janet Begosh, Barbara Rose.

The Journalism staff catch a first glimpse of the "Mockingbird."



Emily Perry
"Mockingbird" Editor

THE MOCKINGBIRD

ASC's school newspaper, the *Mockingbird*, is published quarterly by the Journalism Staff. Under the leadership of Editor Emily Perry, the staff includes Janet Begosh, Gwenn Books, Annette Bordagaray, Kathe Cummings, Mary Ellen Jones and Barbara Rose.

The four-page publication features club news, sports events, student editorials, and an up-to-date resume of ASC happenings.

The Three Bosses



Saint Catherine's Journalism Staff are members of the national *Quill and Scroll Society*.

Poetry

Discovery

ANNE CHESSE, '68

*A young girl is like a leaf
Fallen from the security
Of the family tree.
She flutters indecisively,
Not knowing in which direction
The gusts of her ambition
Will carry her.*

*After a long and tiresome search,
She discovers the perfect spot,
Dips happily into the still, blue water,
And the increasing rings
Of her accomplishments
Swell greater day by day.*



Anne Chess

Young Love

KATHLEEN WALSH, '67

*Brown,
calloused hand
enclosing
soft, white hand,
gently swinging
over sparkling sand
to the timeless rhythm
of the sea.*



Kathleen Walsh

The Earth

MARY KAY SALISBURY, '67

*We all live
on a big, blue,
bouncy beach ball,
minute, microscopic specks
of dirt in the universe.*

*But we live
and laugh
and love
and look for happiness.*

*Yes, we're living
on a big, blue,
bouncy beach ball.
Trouble is
There's a slow leak.*



Mary Kay Salisbury

Festival



Chris Roman

For Him

CHRIS ROMAN, '68

*I will laugh
And cry for Him;
I will live
And die for Him.
I will sing to Him,
I will cling to Him,
My Lord and my God!*



Kathy Klock

The Quiet Dead

KATHY KLOCK, '68

*Here they lie, the cold and dead.
Their eyes speak of horror,
Even now astonished as though
They had not realized mortality before.
The blood still flows from open wounds,
Yet the battle is over,
The dying have died,
Their screams have ceased.
And for today and a few tomorrows,
There will be speeches and tears,
Then the world will forget as always.
The battlefield is quiet now,
Quiet as Death and Peace.*



Carol Drew

I Want To Be Forever

CAROL DREW, '67

*Why is forever that which
People seek incessantly
And never find?
If they would only stop
And seek the presence
Of forever in the now,
They would find
Peace of mind.*



Invitation

*Come with me on a wondrous trip
Through fantasy lands
Of pink cotton-candy
And merry-go-rounds.
We'll dance to the roar of the sea
And the tinkling of the stars.
We'll share the antics
Of seagulls and fire-flies
And live on a diet of laughter
And be young and gay all the while.*

*Come with me through the sweet grass
Of the meadow, picking daffodils
And golden-hearted daisies.
Pause with me for quiet moments
Of thought and of prayer,
Where aloneness is not alone,
Where heart speaks to heart
And soul meets soul.*

*Come with me for a fragrant stroll
Through shaded gardens of cool,
Rain-washed roses.
There we'll think back
To our fancy-free days and smile
A little at our foolishness.
There we'll lean back and rest.
Come with me on this trip called life.*

MARY ELLEN JONES





ASB Formal



Student Body President, Marette Esperance, presents Queen Betsy Sullivan with a bouquet of red roses.



Queen Betsy accepts congratulations from ASB President, Marette.



Senior princess Theresa Richards
and her escort Bobby Abate

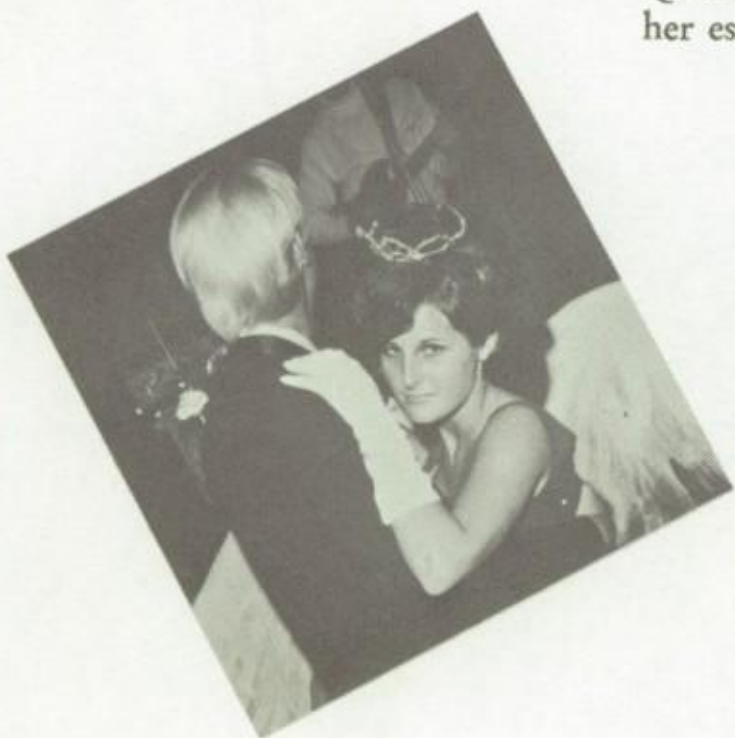


Junior princess Annette
Bordagaray and her escort
Bob Letvinchuck

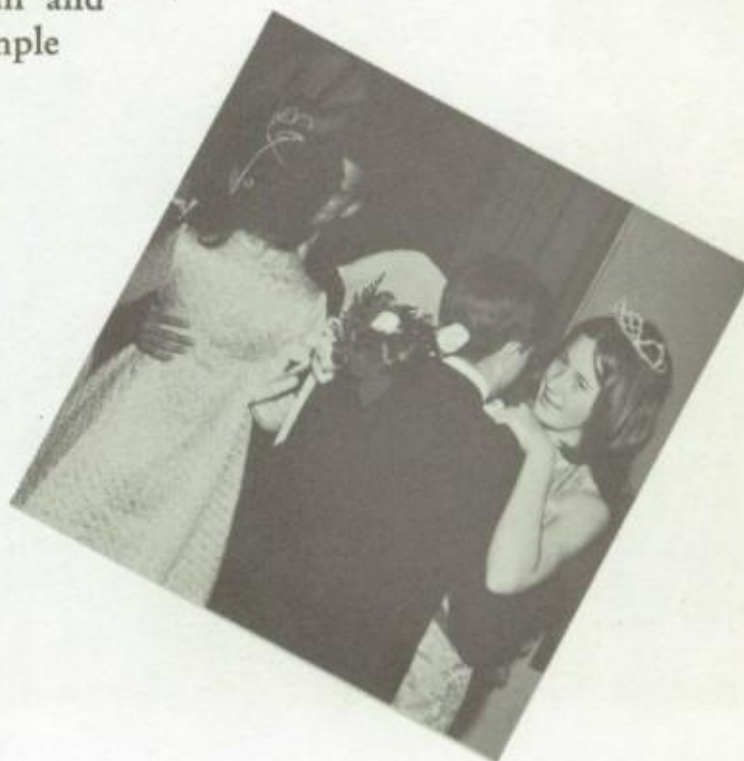


Queen Betsy Sullivan and
her escort Doug Temple

Sophomore princess Kathy
Straughan and her escort
Peter McGrath

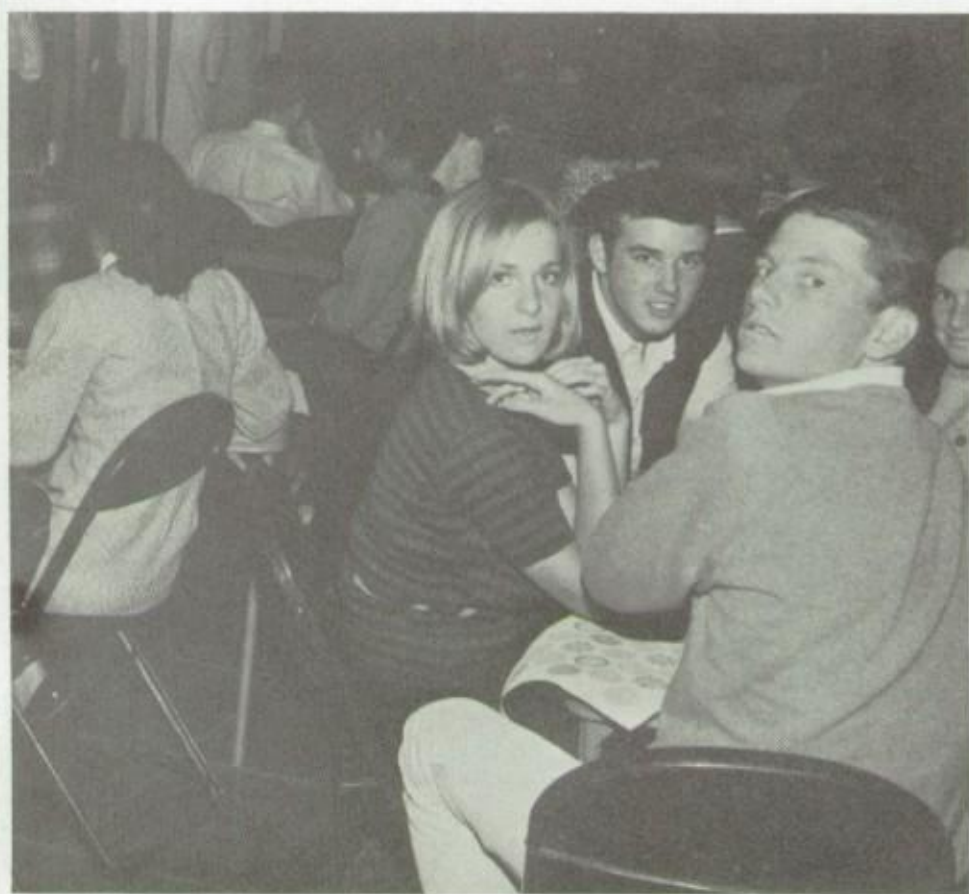


Freshman princess Lori Nolton
and her escort Drew Mashburn





During the school year, each class enthusiastically sponsors a dance. Original decorations, carried out with great effort and artistry, result in unforgettable settings. In October, the Seniors nostalgically chose for their theme, "This Could Be The Last Time." Clocks of every size, type, and period were designed by Senior artists.





Dances *'67*

The Sophomores presented "Fantasia" in a land of giant mushrooms and colorful flowers. Fantastic bright colors and abstract designs prevailed in the decorative scheme of "Imagination", sponsored by the Freshmen. In early May the Juniors honored the Seniors with a farewell Prom.





Peggy Conroy and Maureen Pearson smile in expectation of Prom night.



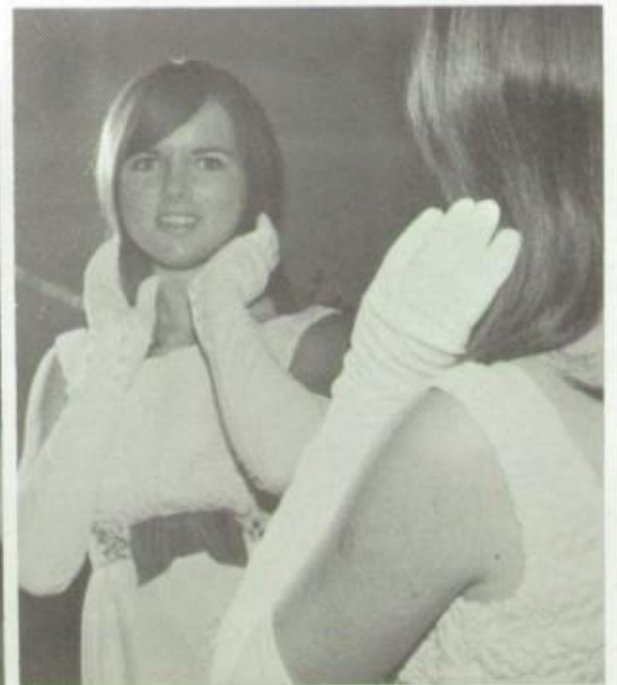
El Jardin de Amor



Anticipating a fun-filled evening are Chris McGrane and Dennis Niehans.



Pam Wah, Renee Kack and Margaret Meade await the arrival of their beaux.



Theresa Gallop puts on the finishing touches.



Villanova Cheerleaders, Nancy Maulhardt, Janet Begosh, Kathie Fay, Pam Wah and Mascot, Michelle Reiman.



Community



Freshmen Karen Davis and Maria Galvan enjoy the fun of initiation.



Participating in the Centennial parade, Theresa Richards, far left, dances to the music of "Me and the Others."



Sister Agnes Imelda enjoys conversation with county CSF advisors during the Conference dinner.



Carol Drew and Janet Begosh join in the Christmas cheer at the annual party.



Kathie Fay and Marette Esperance place their papier-maché images in the Christmas crèche.

Seniors share their Yuletide spirit with the Villanova A.S.B.





Berta Medina, Annette Bordagaray and Susan Ludeman win honors in the American Legion Contest.



California State Scholarship Semi-Finalists: Carol Stansbury, Theresa Richards, Nancy Mahon, Marette Esperance and Kathy Walsh. Finalists: Barbara Rose and Mary Studer



Carol Stansbury admires her science award presented by the California Industry Education Council.



Mary Studer and Marette Esperance exhibit their Lions' Club Speech trophies.



Barbara Gius awaits congratulations for her Italian Federation Essay.



1967 Sealbearers in the California Scholarship Federation: Marette Esperance, Theresa Richards, Mary Studer and Carol Stansbury.



Mary Voelker and Pattie Temple display trophies won at the Mayfield Tennis Tourney.



Theresa Richards, winner in the Lions' Club Speech Contest, "What Democracy Means to Me."

A.S.C. CHEERLEADERS:
Nancy Westerfield,
Susie LeMieux, and
Kathy Straughan



G.A.A. OFFICERS: *Vice-President* Kathie Fay, *Treasurer* Paula Munoz, *Secretary* Patricia Roberts, and *President* Nadene Carroll



Girls Athletic Association



Hey, gang, let's hit the courts!

G A A

Advisor, Mrs. Ruth Guthrie, checks the tennis schedule with Chris Melhorn.

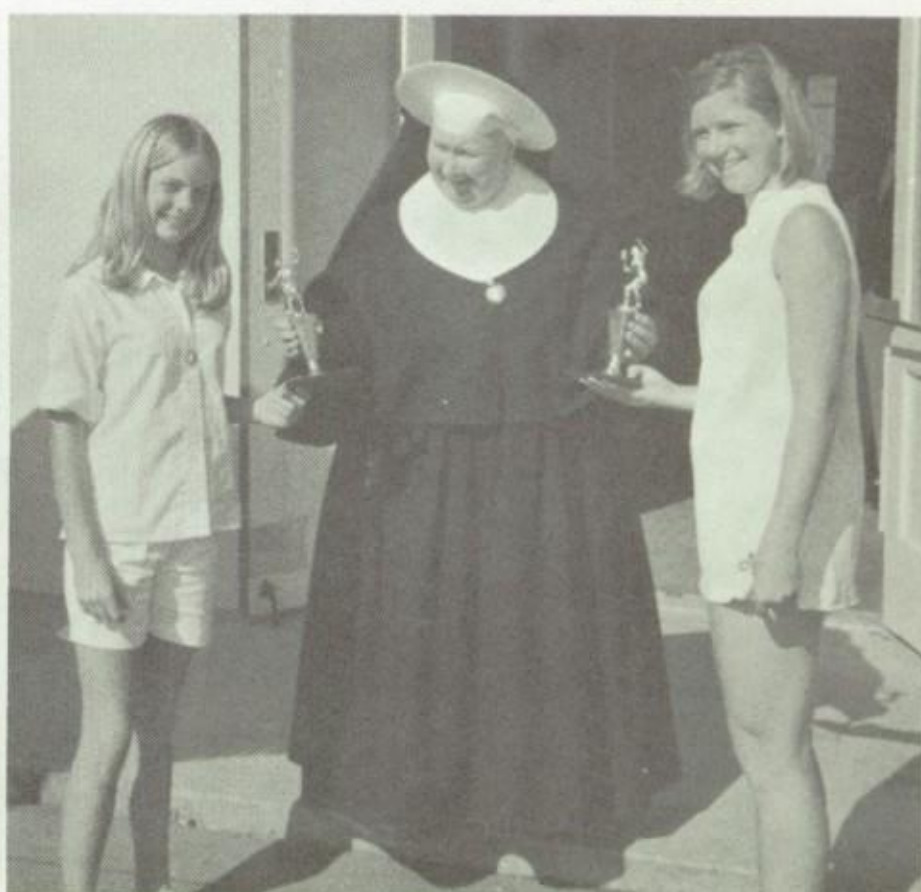


Tennis Manager Chris Melhorn in action.

TENNIS TEAM: Toni Muzio, Mary Ellen Jones, Chris Melhorn, Vicki Estrada, Nadene Carroll, Mary Voelker and Pattie Temple



Sister Agnes Imelda awards the winners of the Annual A.S.C. Tennis Tournament.





VARSITY TEAM: Stephanie Chess, Paula Munoz, Kai Cummings, Pat Roberts, Chris Melhorn, Anne Ch Mary Voelker, Kathy Klock

VARSITY

Saint Catherine's 4	Moorpark 1
Saint Catherine's 3	Bonaventure 3
Saint Catherine's 4	Fillmore 0
Saint Catherine's 0	Santa Clara 4
Saint Catherine's 2	Ventura 0

Volleyball

JUNIOR VARSITY

Saint Catherine's 2	Moorpark 0
Saint Catherine's 3	Bonaventure 3
Saint Catherine's 4	Fillmore 1
Saint Catherine's 1	Santa Clara 3

J.V. TEAM: Linda James, Pattie Temple, Kathy Eckre, Vicky Estrada, Rosemary Lozano, Sharon Coughlin, Elizabeth Yunger



The Girls' Athletic Association sponsors all campus sports activities. Led by G.A.A. President Nadene Carroll and Tennis Manager Chris Melhorn, the Annual Invitational Tennis Tournament is the major event of the sports year. This February a total of 90 girls from 13 southern California schools competed.

School spirit and friendly competition among classes is encouraged with lively pep-rallies and the presentation of the "spirit stick" to the class that has most actively participated in intramural events.

Other activities sponsored by the G.A.A. are the annual Father-Daughter Banquet and intramural volleyball games in which each class-team participates. Varsity and Junior Varsity baseball, basketball, and volleyball teams compete with area schools.

Cheerleaders Susie LeMieux, Kathy Straughan, and Nancy Westerfield add to the excitement and enthusiasm of all sports events.

Basketball



Varsity Team: Kathy Klock, Chris Melhorn, Kathe Cummings, Mary Voelker, Anne Chess, Sharon Coughlin, Kathy Eckre, Stephanie Chess



G A A

Vicky Estrada, Elizabeth Yunger, Pattie Temple, Maria Galvan, Rosemary Lozano, Paula Munoz



Literary

Futility

EMILY PERRY, '67

*Like small children
We run to seek a rainbow
On a rainy afternoon.
We search for buried treasure
Where no pirate ever trod.
Many of us go through life
Trying to keep a wave
Upon the sand.*

Friendship

LINDA McATEE, '70

*Friendship is knowing you're wanted,
The feeling of being loved.
Friendship is helping people
To let them know you care.
If only the world felt friendship,
There would be no war or fear;
There would be a sense of belonging
For people everywhere.*

Reflection

EMILY PERRY, '67

*You look into the mirror
And you are glad
That you are you.
But wouldn't you like
To see yourself
As other people do?*

Creation

JANET BEGOSH, '67

*On a day numbered six
in the darkness of night,
A single, silver crescent
and a million, blinking stars
Breathlessly awaited
the coming of MAN.*

Life

BRIDGIT McGRATH, '67

*Life is hopping, skipping, jumping,
Stumbling, falling, getting up,
Tripping over troubles,
Walking over worries, one never stops,
Sometimes one even has to crawl.*

Come With Me

GWENN BOOKS, '67

*Hi, there!
Your world is dark?
Mine is bright.
You are lonely?
I have companions.
You need no one to guide you?
I need and have help always.
Take my hand and come with me,
My God is alive.*

Cheerio!

VICKY ESTRADA, '70

*The willow weeps,
It has no reason.
The green grass laughs,
It is in season.
Little willow,
Why do you weep,
And hang your head
In sorrow deep?
Little willow,
Look up to the sky
And smile at the blue clouds
Passing by.*

Tomorrow

CAROL STANSBURY, '67

*Those who solve
Today's problems tomorrow
Will never see tomorrow,
any tomorrow.
Those who solve
Today's problems today
Will be able to face tomorrow,
any tomorrow.*

Surprise!

ROBERTA KING, '68

*Ah, ha! I see you hiding there
Behind the pump that bubbles air.
To me the water smells so rank,
But you must like the homely tank.
You swim and play among the greens
That glow in lovely, mossy sheens.
Some think I speak of fish, of course,
But the subject is my new sea-horse.*

My Home Town

CHRIS ROMAN, '68

She is one hundred years old. Everyone who knows her loves her. And one can tell by the friendly way the sun smiles on her and the misty fog hovers around her that nature loves her too.

I've only known her eleven years, but I've found in her a real friend. She is full of life and love and freedom. When I'm blue, she can cheer me up. I meet her on the beach, on the hills, and down in the city. They are all a part of her. The wind and the rain, the light and the dark are kind to her. The wind sings to her, the rain falls softly on her, and the light and dark watch over her.

Looking down on her from the mountain, or up at her from the beach, one is pleased with her gracious beauty and comforted by her friendly spirit.

If you haven't had the pleasure of meeting her, allow me to introduce you. Her name is Ventura. She is my home town.

The Magic City

KATHLEEN MCCARTHY, '67

Ventura is a nice, normal California city. Golden sunshine all year round, except when the fog is as thick as peanut butter, or when it's raining.

But our rain is unique. Most rain comes in grey clouds, pours down in uniform drops, leaving mud and flooded sewers. Our rain comes in grey clouds, too, piling up behind the islands, gathering force. A veil of fog sometimes as thin as gossamer, other times as thick as wool, spreads, sealing in the countryside. The clouds move slowly from the islands, spilling their magic over the town. Quietly, softly, or swiftly with rushing wind, the rain comes. Sometimes it lasts only a few hours, sometimes a few days.

The magic is everywhere! Stealing quietly into formal gardens, hiding under well-manicured hedges and prim flowers. Taking over an empty field, racing up the hills, shouting in a lusty voice the excitement of life. Magic, tiny and delicate in the shadows, strong and lush in the open.

The sad part is that our rain hardly ever comes. Ventura is a nice, normal, brown city without the rain. People walk around looking at their feet. But after the rain, before the magic fades, people run around, heads up, looking about them. Ventura is transformed into an Emerald City. Greens, vibrant, lush greens are spilled over the city. Deep greens carpet the hills, carouse in the fields, border the roads. That is the magic. Our rain must come from Oz, from the Emerald City.

Complexion of a City

CHRIS MELHORN, '68

*I'm not a lonely vagabond
I make new friends wherever I go,
But there's always that beckoning call
From the city by the sea,
The Poinsettia City,
San Buenaventura.*

*Mountains that are not mountains
Shelter the city and offer
An imposing view from their peaks,
All united, yet individual,
Each marked with some distinction:
Father Serra's Cross,
The eminent white "V".*

*The west side faces the sea,
Waves coming and going,
Families camping, teenagers surfing.
The town is growing toward the east;
New buildings replace the old ones;
New freeways, the paths to progress.
Many a weary traveler, like me,
Passing through—stays.*

The Spirit of Ventura

ROSEMARY LOZANO, '69

A hundred years! Has it really been that long? It seems only yesterday that I looked over vast, barren land and saw nothing but hills, trees and ocean.

A century before, a man in a brown robe limped his way up one of my hills and planted a crude, wooden cross. Later, other brown-robed friars with the help of the Indians built a mission church and surrounded it with crude, adobe houses. In time, other houses and stores crowded around the Old Mission, and the town of San Buenaventura was born.

I have watched the progress of this city, now called Ventura. I have witnessed the growth of the population, the citrus orchards, the ranches, the oil wells, the schools, the pleasure resorts. I have watched the bull fights, the horse races, the annual parades, the county fairs. I have seen transportation change from horse to automobile to airplane; the old wharf replaced by a beautiful Marina, the rough roads by shining freeways.

Yes, my town has developed into a prosperous city; it is still growing, tearing down the old and building the new. I am proud of my town, my beautiful city by the sea.

Maiden Mountain

THERESA LUKES, '69

One of the most charming tales of Ventura County is the legend of Maiden Mountain, popularly known as the Hill of the Five Trees. Once upon a time, a proud father ascended the green slopes of the mountain, which lies directly above my home on Foothill Road, and planted five trees in honor of his five beautiful daughters.

As the years passed, three of his daughters married, and according to his plan, three trees were chopped down. Another daughter died, which accounts for the single dead tree. The fifth daughter remained at home with her father, and her tree still flourishes on the fertile mountain-top.

Today, climbing up the verdant slopes, sprinkled with fragrant wild flowers, to the top of Maiden Mountain, one can see the three tree stumps, the dead tree, bleached by the wind and the sun, and the one blossoming tree, sheathed with delicate morning glories.

My Town

KATHLEEN MCCARTHY, '67

*Uninteresting, unprovocative, too seasoned,
My town is to me as mediocrity is to excellence.
Let me out!*

*But when I've been out twenty years,
I'll come back and weep quiet tears
Because I'll see what I could not see before
That beauty, peace and love were right outside
my door,
And then I'll wonder why I wanted out.*

My Town, U.S.A.

CHRISTINE MCGRANE, '68

*My town is where I hang my hat,
A place to put my welcome mat,
For home-made cookies and apple-pie,
A place from which to say good-bye.*

*My town moves from year to year,
Sometimes far and sometimes near,
Across the country and back again,
Whenever the navy takes a yen.*

*My town may be big, it may be small,
By Pacific, Atlantic, no ocean at all,
But it always happens, I don't know why,
When it's time to leave, I always cry.*

Sunset

SUSAN DAVIS, '67

*A blazing barrage
Of brilliant colors
Curled and circled slowly,
Fading faster with repetition
Into the warm embrace
Of a butter-bright sundrop.*

A Grand Old House

CATHY FERRO, '69

This is a story of Ventura's past, the story of a house that was once the pride and joy of Ventura. Built in 1876 at 241 E. Santa Clara Street, this spacious mansion, known as the Schiappa Pietra house, stood with dignity and majesty until 1953, when it was razed to accommodate a needed parking lot.

White marble, imported from Italy, along with redwood from northern California, was used in the construction. The two-story home had twelve bedrooms and two bathrooms on the second floor. In each room was a wash basin of grey marble. There was one fireplace upstairs and two downstairs, all made of white marble. Above one of the fireplaces was a huge mirror, framed in dark walnut, five feet wide and eight feet high. The ceilings were decorated with paintings of cherub heads, trimmed in gold.

People used to think the house was haunted because of the weird sounds coming from the attic. The truth was that the branches of a mammoth Norwalk pine, some ninety feet tall, scratched against the attic windows.

Leopoldo and Antonio Schiappa Pietra were brothers who came from Italy in 1857 and opened a general merchandise store. After the drought of 1863, they bought some 13,000 acres of land south of the Santa Clara River at \$1.25 an acre. Leopoldo died a bachelor, but Antonio married Empara Arenas of a wealthy California family. Their two children died in childhood, so they adopted the daughter of Mrs. Pietra's sister. Later the entire estate was willed to this adopted daughter. Italian relatives contested the will. Giovanni Ferro, a young Italian lawyer, was sent to represent them. After the settlement, Giovanni received the house as part of his share, and it became known as the Ferro House. Years later the Freemans bought the property and turned the home into a boarding house.

Memories are all that remain of this beautiful mansion. They are important to me because the young Italian lawyer, Giovanni Ferro, was my grandfather, and my own father grew up in this grand old house.

The Circle

SANDRA VALDES, '68

*In giving
There is love.
In love
There is joy.
In joy
There is happiness.
In happiness
There is God.
In God
There is love.*

Life-Young

KATHLEEN WALSH, '67

He was christened Andrew; he was called Andy. Average height, average looking, from an average-sized family in an average neighborhood, an average teenager—what did he think?

According to some of the more intelligent and gifted members of the human race, he didn't. These self-appointed critics, so thoroughly informed on the content of his mind, included: his father, sometimes his mother, one of his brothers, his best "friends", and a few free-lance philosophers of his own age. Unasked, they delivered their infallible estimate of his actions. Yet had they been asked, Andy would probably have been described as the most perfect human being God had created.

But Andy did think—he meditated and pondered all sorts of questions, desperately hungering for the truth. A truth not to be found anywhere among his friends. Sometimes he would take off on his own, alone. In solitude he would catch a glimpse of what he sought with such insatiable desire. But always he had to return to his average-size pattern of life. Always, when he was thinking, Andy would place the right next to the wrong to compare them. Which is better, which is good? His mind would cloud over with confusion, and he would feel like running away.

Andy realized that in running away from the patterns he feared so much, he might easily fall into worse ruts—weakness, apathy, indifference. Yet he had to get away from the shallow duplicity in which he lived. Reality in the person of a girl broke the normal average pattern of his life. Together, in each other, they found themselves and started to live. They discovered truth and immortalized their youth. Andy called their unity of thought and feeling "love" after the old pattern, but with a new meaning.

Misnomers

SUSAN LE MIEUX, '67

Before I ever saw Los Angeles, the name to me meant excitement and adventure. I had wondrous visions of this city and especially of her famous streets, Hollywood, Sunset, and Vine.

The name Los Angeles suggested angels hovering over the city to protect it, white angels like we used to make in the snow by lying flat on our backs and waving our arms up and down. Making snow angels always fascinated me and so did the city of Los Angeles.

Hollywood reminded me of the holly bushes in the woods by our house. Every Christmas we would go out hunting those berries, red as flame, buried in dark green, prickly leaves. It also brought to mind the dispute over the Christmas tree. One was too tall and the other wasn't tall enough. I wanted pine and my brother wanted cedar. We would always end up with a tall, sticky, sappy pine. Funny what words connote to one.

The fabulous street, Sunset Boulevard, recalled a sunset I had watched an artist paint. His brushes splashed brilliant colors across the western sky. Sunset, life ending and beginning again.

When I heard the name Vine Street, grape vines popped into my head—the kind that grow on creek banks and are strong enough to swing one across to the other side. Have you ever seen quiet, cool vine-shadowed lanes deep in the woods, scented with wood violets and tiny pink roses and wild strawberries? The vines tangle together and weave a carpet over the floor of the forest.

Such were my impressions before I visited Hollywood, Sunset, and Vine. Now they are only dry, dirty pavements with unfriendly people hurrying along, caring only about their own affairs.

Challenge

MELANIE HARPE, '67

*Now that you are alive,
What will you do?
Now that your soul is your own
And your thoughts are free,
What road will you take?*

*The long road over the mountain
Laughs out a daring challenge,
Will you meet this challenge?
Through the green grass in the meadow
Trickles a brook, inviting you
To float along with her.*

*Life beckons, and you will
Follow, follow, follow,
Live and die, and live again.*

Moonlighting

NADINE CARROLL, '67

Some say that my job offers experience; others regard it as dangerous. Headaches, low pay, bruises and fatigue are the compensations for this back-breaking work. Patience, my constant companion, comes to my rescue in every crisis. Yes, I am a dedicated babysitter.

As a novice, I had the wild conception that babysitting was just reading the kids stories and putting them to bed. No one ever told me that I had to catch, scold, bribe and beg them into their cozy cots. Now, only when the light is finally out and the good nights have been mumbled a dozen times can I breathe a sigh of relief.

The games that children conceive never cease to amaze me. The violent, noisy type is the most popular. As the scapegoat, I must organize and participate in these free-lance brawls if I expect to save their home from complete destruction.

Such surprising secrets children confide in me. One little girl calmly reported the advent of her unborn brother months before her mother announced the pregnancy. Another child very seriously informed me that her father never went to church, and she feared he wouldn't go to heaven when he died. What loaded statements from the mouths of babes! Oh, the countless weaknesses of parents revealed to me by these loud-mouthed offsprings! No wonder baby-sitters have an unwritten code of ethics.

There are precious moments of babysitting which overshadow the tribulations. The warmth of a sleeping infant, the ability to hush the cries of a frightened baby, the spontaneous hug of a thankful child are the rewarding gifts of my devotion. In these touching moments I realize the responsibilities of motherhood. Someday this moonlighting will be my full-time vocation.

Dream Children

KATHLEEN MCCARTHY, '67

*You'll have the complexion
of misty mornings and apricots.
Your hair will be the color
of sunsets and honey.
Your eyes will mirror the
Emerald Isle.
You'll be slim and strong.
You'll be Eire, my first born.*

*Then there will be Sean
With mischief for a laugh,
and eyes as big as his heart.
Sean will be strong,
but mysteriously ailing when
there's work to be done.
Yet, he'll be there when I need him.
After all, he'll be Sean, my son.*

Togetherness

SARAH STOCK, '67

*Gather all your weariness
And come along with me;
We'll romp in the meadow
And rest beneath a tree.
We can laugh together
And tell stories of the sea,
So gather all your weariness
And come along with me.*

In The Field

MARY VOELKER, '68

For us the most exciting day was the day the thresher came. It usually appeared early in the morning, but why, we didn't know. They always had to wait until ten or eleven o'clock because the beans (usually soggy from the night air) had to be perfectly dry. We rebelled against going to school on threshing days and hurried home by four o'clock, jumped into our "old clothes" in a matter of minutes, and dashed off to the field.

Our favorite spot on the thresher was the big bin, half full of lima beans with more spewing into it from a hole in the side. To us, this was one of the great mysteries of science. We simply could not understand how the thresher could pick up a whole row of beans, shells, vines, and all, and in minutes spill the beans into the bin, clean and free. We stayed till supertime, then trudged slowly home through the dusk, kicking the soft dirt with our feet, and not feeling at all sorry for the men who had to continue working half the night until the beans started to get damp again.

The thresher stayed about four days, depending on how fast they were able to cover the field. We thought four days was a very short time, but then they would be back again next year. Besides, there were other exciting things to do on a farm. There were disking and plowing, furrowing with the subsoiler, readying the soil for planting. Of course, we really didn't help, but we thought we did, sitting there on the tractor, enjoying ourselves. And we invited our city friends over. They enjoyed farming twice as much as we did. They didn't know what it was like to get really dirty without trying—neither did their mothers.

What fun we had! We always had fun when we were little. Those days in the field are over for us. We are still young, but we are expected to enjoy the finer things in life, to be a bit grown-up. But someday we're going to put on our "old clothes", rush out to the field, and get as dirty as we like—just for old time's sake.

The Hero

KATHY JENKS, '67

*He wasn't brave or with courage blessed;
He just thought fast and did his best.
The men were down, the bullets near,
Their pain and anguish he could bear.
They couldn't scream or even sigh;
He couldn't lie there and let them die.
The things he did he had to do;
He claimed good fortune pulled him through,
But to call him brave that was not true,
He only did what he had to do.*

Prophecy

MAUREEN TRACY, '67

We are the faces of youth, prophetic of tomorrow, revealing in our varying moods, refracted through the prisms of our personalities, spectrums of high hopes and vague fears.

We are the brave new faces, the brave young faces of vigorous youth, gazing into the misty mirrors of tomorrow, searching for truth, for maturity. We are the shadowy image of that strange interlude ahead—life itself.

We are the Class of '67, and as we move into the realm of forgotten seniors, we carry in our hearts a part of St. Catherine's, to be one of our most cherished memories.

Paradise Cove

KATHE CUMMINGS, '67

The surging surf has worn away the jagged rocks and created Paradise Cove. At low tide the walls of the cave become a spectrum of red, orange, yellow and blue, glistening in the sunlight. The floor is a mucky green, covered with seaweed and driftwood. Kelp and sea-lettuce dangle from the roof, casting ghostly shadows on the walls. At high tide the cove overflows with ocean water, and all its beauty disappears. Giant gray waves pound endlessly at its door.

The cove has begun to show the wrinkles of old age; it is yielding to the weight of antiquity and whispering tales of the past. Yet it has the freshness of the sea that embraces it. Bravely it fights for salvation from the deadly kisses of Poseidon's daughter as she daily nibbles at its very life. Lovers, walking hand in hand along the beach, stop and gaze in wonder at the splendor of Paradise Cove.

A Fleeting Moment

SUSAN DAVIS, '67

As the sun cowered behind the gap-toothed islands, shadows spread cool fingers across the sand. The dead wind awoke. Seagulls wheeled, screaming down the sky. An occasional flutter of bird meeting water gave evidence of fish below. A shaggy man limped slowly down the hardpacked beach, his destination the railroad tracks, a long walk for an old man. The steady pulse-beat of the ocean filled the evening air, invigorating the lonely scene.

From a dune several feet above the water I viewed it all. The rising wind carried the sounds and smells to me, and I drank them in eagerly. Wave after wave of chilling air washed over me, bringing tears to my eyes and an exhilarating tingle to my face and hands. The brilliant colors of sunset were so beautiful, so terribly beautiful, that they hurt. At times I had to look away to rest my eyes. Almost with relief I watched the colors fade out of sight.

I was barefoot and liked the feel of the coarse sand which was cold, and the powdery sand that was still warm, and the firm sand that was both wet and cold.

After the sun had gone, I walked on the firm, wet beach, and the angry wind tore at my clothes and hair. 'It was a moment of complete happiness, yet it was gone so quickly I wasn't sure whether I had imagined it or not. I knew only one thing; I would never again be able to recapture it.

I Remember Mary Kay

MELANIE HARPE, '67

*I cherish that day by the shore
As I sat in the warmth of the sun
And watched a girl riding the waves,
Her heart full of freedom and fun.*

*For the sea, the sand and the tide
Were for her a blessed retreat
From life's sad and difficult times
That even the young sometimes meet.*

*I remember her riding the waves,
The wind blowing the hair from her face,
Now she's gone o'er the crest of the tide
To a peaceful and heavenly place.*

*But I'll always remember that day
As she rode the waves into shore
With her face lifted high to the sky
Where she lives happily evermore.*

My Town

BRIDGIT McGRATH, '67

Situated twenty miles south of Ventura, there is a city relatively unknown to the outside world. In fact, the world is completely unaware of Camarillo, mainly because it is too small to be on any map, save the local maps of the immediate area. Of course, Camarillo, being the stalwart type of city, charges forward from the depths of obscurity, knowing someday she will be a shining light.

Saying one is from Camarillo, immediately puts one under attack. Snickers and knowing glances, such remarks as "Oh, yes, that's where the mental hospital is!" or "They let you out?" are common repartees. But we natives of this fair city are prepared for such attacks and ready to defend the beauty and friendliness of our city.

Surrounded by rolling green hills on one side and colorful row crops on the other, Camarillo, although not large, is well organized and growing rapidly. New housing developments surround the center of the city and new shopping centers are conveniently located. The Catholic Church in Camarillo, Saint Mary Magdelan, was once the chapel of the famous Camarillo family for which the city was named, and now is used to serve the parish of Saint Mary Magdelan. The Camarillo High School located about five miles south of the city has large classrooms and spacious athletic fields.

This is my fifth year in Camarillo, and I'm very glad to be here. The city is growing constantly, and judging by the amount of land around Camarillo, it will have plenty of room to expand. Eventually we may move twenty miles south and include the state hospital for which we are so famous.

California Summer

EMILY PERRY, '67

Small children

*with buckets and shovels
busy building
sand castles
on the beach.*

Young people

*swimming and splashing,
cresting the waves,
very much in love
with life.*

Old folks

*armed with umbrellas
and sunglasses,
sleeping lazily
in the sun.*

Autumn Days

ANNE CHESS, '68

*The wind is gently nudging
The old maple trees,
Their nodding branches whisper
To the multi-colored leaves
And set them all aflutter
Downward in the breeze.
Quick o'er the ground they scurry
In a golden, laughing hurry
To spread the news for all to hear
It is the autumn time of year.*

Loneliness

CAROL STANSBURY, '67

Loneliness is a cave. The spirit knows no end to its barrenness. Nothing grows there. One's cries of despair echo in mockery. The intelligent and mediocre are equally crushed by it. And like all other dreadful human conditions, it feeds upon itself. The ones least able to survive it are the very young and the very old.

There is only one solution—the presence of other human beings. Older people can be made to feel needed; children can cease feeling helpless and abandoned. The heart is reprieved.

Summer Peace

KATHIE FAY, '67

Since my summer hide-out is up in the mountains, surrounded by trees and rocks, the only way to get there is to walk. The path begins as a wide, rugged, dirt road, then becomes narrower, and soon I am cautiously stepping over rocks, scattered here, there and everywhere, along the course of the stream. Occasionally I stop to dangle my bare feet in the cool water.

Suddenly I reach a curve in the winding path and am confronted with a huge, majestic rock. There I sit on the top of the world, close to God, surrounded by mountains, and admire the gushing waterfall, which dives aimlessly from the cliff above, reminding me of a cascade of roses falling over a garden wall. As I listen to the sound of the water, flowing cool and fresh over the stones, I think of God and of love, and my mind is at peace with all the world.

The sun, peeking over the mountains and sifting through the trees, warms my heart as well as my body, and I wish I might stay here forever. But I can't. Soon the cool mountain breeze rises, sending an unexpected chill through my body. The sun trips over the hills and falls into the sea. As night descends, I hurry homeward, my body invigorated, my spirit free.

Sugar and Spice

SANDRA VALDES, '68

Whoever wrote "Little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice" either didn't know any little girls, or he's not all there! I have a baby sister and she's sugar and spice, but not everything nice. Because she's also diapers and rashes and bottles and thumb-sucking and temper and contrariness.

Sometimes my little sister is a little angel and oftentimes she is a little fink. At home she obeys my every command. She eats her food without the slightest bickering and never throws it on the floor. But when I feed her in public, she wails, tosses her food about, and says "No!" emphatically to every suggestion I make.

Although little sisters are bratty at times, they can also be very lovable and sweet. I know this from experience, a year and a half of first-hand experience. Her first baby steps, performed boldly and proudly before an admiring audience, were a real riot. Her first tooth brought joy and congratulations. And her baby talk provides entertainment for the family at all times.

The rimester who wrote the tribute to little girls wasn't all wrong. But he should have ended the verse with something like this, "Little girls are made of sugar and spice, and are about three-fourth nice."

Identity

CAROL STANSBURY, '67

*He can turn man's world upside down;
That's called Omnipotence.
He can follow man's every movement;
That's called Omnipresence.
He can know man's secret thoughts;
That's called Omniscience.*

The Search

MARILYN McCANDLESS, '68

*I wander through valleys, lost,
Yet the valleys, too, are lost,
For they roll endlessly
Through the mountains,
Seeking the last terrain, rest.*

*I wander over hills, dales, plateaus;
I never find what I'm looking for.
I never know why hills slope up,
Or trees yield to the wind;
Why selfishness repels generosity,
And hostility rejects concord.*

*I wander through the world, lost,
Yet the world itself is lost,
For it rolls endlessly in strife,
Seeking the ultimate, peace.*

The Restless Wind

CAROL STANSBURY, '67

The wind seems senseless and raw in a city, as though angry at being funneled between buildings. It is at home in the country. Sometimes it tries to be funny, flicking hats off, disordering hair, and disrupting man's dignity. Often it is merely a casual companion, scaling leaves, fluttering wash lines, decorating the world with motion. Constantly moving eastward, the wind sticks close to the earth, and, being erratic, foolish, awesome, and restless, it is a lot like the men it passes, who generally take it for granted.

Felt only in passing, seen only by imprint, the wind comes out of the west like an invisible spirit, an everyday mystery that changes man and the land he lives on. Shipwrecker and kite-flier, enemy and friend, the restless wind adds its touch to a million moments and, fresh and unpredictable, turns to the sea.

Memories

PAMELA WAH, '68

*Memories are to treasure forever;
They can neither be bought nor sold.
Only you have the power to recall them,
Precious are they as gold.*

Dream Land

BARBARA ROSE, '67

Imagine you are in a lush, green meadow. Tall willows sway in a light breeze while the scent of Spring floats through the air. Fluffy white clouds take on fantastic shapes in the clear, blue sky. A bluejay scolds when you absently toss a pebble in his direction. Everywhere there is a feeling of peace.

Imagine you are in the dark woods. Gigantic trees, taller than you have ever seen, tower above you, shutting out the sunlight. The darkness is broken only by tiny shafts of light which escape through slits in the shadowy ceiling of this temple of Pan. Cool serenity fills your soul.

Imagine you are high above the world where the sounds of the city are faint but distinct. Below you are cement structures rising above busy streets filled with busy people. You are aware of everything, yet you are away from the crowd and the hurry. On the hill-top you are free and happy.

Imagine the waves beating relentlessly on the sandy shore. You lie on the hot sand and look up at the bright sky, at the seagulls flying over the water toward the islands which look so close you could reach out and touch them. Every part of you is alive with a deep feeling of understanding.

Imagine your favorite place, your place where dreams come true, where you are the most important person.

The School on the Hill

JACKIE ZEHE, '69

Pepper trees with lacy leaves dance to the music of the wind; ivy leaves spread over the ground like a dark green carpet; pink geraniums peek mischievously out from among the ice-plants on the hillside.

The lingering fragrance of phlox follows you up the thirty-nine steps from the science building to Moreau Hall. The day is clear with a brisk wind. In the distance you can see the shining ocean, flecked with bird-like sailboats.

Teachers and books await you in the classroom. What a happy combination of truth and beauty is yours at the school on the hill!

Digression

PAT CONROY, '67

*My thoughts are sun-drenched and mellow,
Carefree and listless,
Resting comfortably in the cubbyholes
Of my mind.*

"Hope is a Tiny Girl"

MARY STUDER, '67

Come, little girl, I want to learn from you. I want to be like you and live as you do. In your happy face I see something I must have lost through the years. There you are, laughing and playing as if there will be no tomorrow heaped with today's failures. You sing with confidence. You aren't at all intimidated by what goes on about you. You frighten me, little girl. I don't understand you.

All the townsfolk tell me your name is Hope. That's a pretty name! I've never heard it before. When I ask what it means, they say your name is simply you. "Hope is the child, and the child is Hope."

Everyday you come to play in this field. All the older and wiser people are happy when they see you. You are to them what spring is to the earth. Seeing you is a renewal of the belief that tomorrow will be a better day. When you've grown, Hope, you'll most likely be a mother. I want to pretend you're a mother now. Let's give your child a name; let's call him Life. He will be a wonderful baby! You'll have to bring him up and teach him how to live. You'll have to give him Faith, Love, and part of yourself—beautiful, trusting Hope!

I understand you better now, little girl. I know what you are and what your name means. I think I have fallen in love with you, Hope. My name is Despair.

Little Boy Grown

BARBARA ROSE, '67

He was no angel-child, although he looked the part. His deep blue eyes were often wide with innocence, but sometimes gleamed with mischief. Straight black hair, too long, capped his small head in soft thickness. Freckles, the size of pennies, sprinkled across the bridge of his nose, added to his little boy charm.

The first time I saw him he was soaking wet, playing in the rushing wash of a fire hydrant. He recognized my companion and ran toward us. When we were introduced, he studied me frankly, then offered his hand and a friendly smile.

Now he stands six feet tall. His eyes are direct and questioning, but the mischief is there, although hidden. Impatient fingers run through his hair, now clipped short. The freckles remain, barely discernable under his deep tan.

The last time I saw him he stood alone in the crowd. His uniform made him conspicuous. I ran to him and he kissed me goodbye.

A Pipe Dream

MARY ELLEN JONES, '68

*My big, black cat snores,
dreaming secret dreams
of mice drifting
through bronzed meadows.
His eggshell eyes gleam
As he licks his lips.*

Drifting in a Dream

KATHE CUMMINGS, '67

*My hair flows in the soft wind
As I lie on the sweet bed of grass,
Eyes closed, ears wide.
Birds sing love songs all afternoon,
Bringing me peace.
Drifting over endless meadows,
My glad heart wanders.
Wading in a sparkling brook,
Walking through fields of daffodils,
Counting petals . . . he loves me!
Down the garden path we walk
Hand in hand, soul in soul.
We pause, and kiss a last goodbye,
For a frog croaks and awakens me.
It is all a dream, but it is all mine.*

Tres Arboles

MARY ELLEN JONES, '68

It's a long, hard haul up to Three Trees. If you walk slowly, it will take you an hour, but if you run straight up, you'll make it in fifteen minutes. Some people argue that you should run up, so you'll have more time to sit in the branches of one of the three trees and concentrate on the city of Ventura spread beneath you every which way. But somehow I always saunter along, so I'll have a chance to sniff a flower if I see one, or pet a cow.

It's a nice walk. Anytime you go it will be a nice walk, but my favorite time is after the rain has drenched the hills to a shiny, emerald green. I usually wait a day, so it won't be muddy, and then I pack a lunch and spend a whole beautiful day up there.

I start out very early, before the sun awakens any intruders. As quiet as a mouse, I pause at the foot of the hill to drink in the golden glow of the rising sun, to gasp great gulps of clean blue air and to shout within my mind, "I'm free!" Content at last that my small private world is in order, I amble on. About half way up, the chocolate and cream cows, shaving the rain-fresh hillside, gaze at me wonderingly. What right have you, they question, to trespass in our pasture? Timidly I approach, holding out a rosy apple. Sensing my friendliness, they allow me to stop, pick some of their fragrant wildflowers, and rest for a few minutes.

Just as my legs are beginning to protest, I reach the top, the peak, Three Trees! It's almost noon. Quickly I finish my lunch. Then I write a poem or count daisy petals, or just think. There's something special up there. I can't describe it, perhaps it's solitude, getting away from it all.

But why am I telling you this? It's my secret place, but if you want to share it, go ahead. It's free!

Dreaming

ANNE CHESS, '68

I was a princess, dreaming of the wonderful time I had had at my brother's coronation ball, when suddenly there was a piercing sound in the distance. It came closer and closer, scaring me out of my wits.

I sat up stiffly in bed. Every muscle in my body was strained to its utmost. This wasn't my silky warm, down-quilted bed in the palace! Then, where was I? Those gnarled old oak trees looked familiar. And those chirping baby birds, I had heard them before! I know, that sound was only my alarm clock, and I'm not a princess, but a St. Catherine's student. Hey! I'd better get out of bed, or I'll be late for school. Well, the Prince will just have to wait till tonight if he wants to marry me.

Brothers Keepers

BARBARA MARQUEZ, '68

*Build a shelter,
Pile walls high,
So you can't hear
The suffering cry.*

*Dig a trench,
Throw in the poor,
So they can't roam
The streets anymore.*

*That tired old man
He's lived his time,
Why should you share
Your hard-earned dime?*

*Don't open your heart
To the sick and poor;
Such is their lot,
They can endure.*

*O blind of heart,
Consider this line:
All mankind's troubles
Are yours and mine.*

In Search of Beauty

CECILIA BARRETT, '68

The day dawned beautifully after a night of rain. The air was clean and fresh, and Spring was smiling upon the hills of Ojai. We decided to express our appreciation by mastering the highest hill. Chores were done early, and off we went with our knapsacks on our backs.

To save time and enjoy adventure, we cut through the underbrush, tearing our clothes and scratching our legs and arms. At last we came upon a path and decided to follow it up to heaven, or at least as far as it would go. We didn't persevere very long, for the sun grew blazing hot and melted our enthusiasm.

So we sat in the shade and observed the wonders of nature. The grass rolled up and down the slopes like hill-to-hill carpeting. Here and there ancient oaks broke the pattern and decorated the mass of green. There was no need of a vacuum cleaner because the horses kept the place in perfect trim. Our imaginations designed in the rocky surface of a distant mountain an image of the Madonna and Child. Here again Mother Nature showed her excellent taste in exterior decoration.

The Cycle

JANET BEGOSH, '67

Wax Peelings

MARETTE ESPERANCE, '67

*I'll blow my mind
in whipped cream and cherry sauce
in popcorn and cashews
in smiles and laughter
and thoughtless whimsies
kite strings and soap bubbles
and after two more happies
I'll pick up the pieces
of equations and sonnets
and trip off to realms
where the pieces struggle
to understand today
so that tomorrow I can blow my mind
in whipped cream and cherry sauce.*

Peace

SUE SALISBURY, '70

*A rolling, lonely beach,
A sea-gull's piercing screech,
A freshly frosted day,
A field of new mown hay:
Such things I sought
When I turned my thought
To a world of Peace.*

Seniors' Paradise

MARY STUDER, '67

A hill dips down to it on two sides. A rough stone wall checks the tumble on one edge; St. Francis smiles benevolently from the other. The northern approach is guarded by the cream-colored school walls. The splendor of sun, sea, and magical islands forms the western vista.

It is elegantly named "the Patio." The gray, hard pavement shows the wrinkles of age. In some places the ground rebels, and the hard-top buckles in defense. Thin blades of grass peep through the crevices.

Three palms grace the patio. They show a disciplined straightness, and naughtily throw their shadows where they will do little noontime good. A small wall of red bricks encircles the base of each and serves as a prim reminder to keep in line.

Deep blue chairs are herded together in the patio. Some days they are sedately lined against the wall; other days they are arranged in a friendly circle. The Patio is a small, well-guarded place, for it is the Seniors' Paradise.

Rain is a common occurrence in my town during the late autumn months. It may shower for days on end. The awakened barrancas babble noisily after months of silence and sleep. Outside the city limits a dam overflows and people flock to see this battle between man and nature.

On mid-winter nights, the temperature often drops below freezing. When this happens, a strange odor fills the air. The smudge pots are burning. This is a positive sign that winter has arrived. The next morning an amber haze coats the blue sky and the cold, crisp air smarts your eyes. The pungent aroma becomes a part of you.

Spring comes early to my town. The trees take on a new look and pride themselves on their new finery. The grass, in parks and on lawns, has new roots, sidewalks are swept, streets are cleaned. A dead oak, that did not survive the winter's violence, is cut down. Every orange and lemon tree in town sports colorful, fragrant blossoms. Children walk to school coatless; the sun glistens brightly, and days are warm and bright.

The calendar pages flip swiftly. Summer is coming. Children are restless and the weather seems that way, too. Sunny today, foggy and damp tomorrow. The last school bell rings; summer is officially here. Municipal pools all over town open their gates to the public, and healthy, sun-tanned youngsters overflow them. College students return home, only to leave for summer jobs. Vacationers migrate to the shore; the town temporarily drops in population. Some days are so hot, the streets are almost deserted. All seek shelter from the blistering heat in pools, under shade, or in air-conditioned homes. Brush, in the surrounding countryside is dry, brittle. Smoky the Bear signs decorate the highways. Firemen are on the alert, and often you hear the ominous sirens.

August turns into September; high school players report for football practice; the days reluctantly grow shorter. School bells ring again, and fall is here before you know it. Autumn is definitely a fun season. Friday nights and Saturday afternoons are devoted to football games. A holiday expectancy is in the air. The town takes on a lonely, unkempt look, for the trees are harshly bare. Fallen leaves litter the streets and sidewalks. Coats and mittens, out of the mothballs, down from the attic are in use again. The pilot-lights of heaters are turned on.

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter, rain! The oak leaves glitter, the streets look waxed. A year has passed in my town and another cycle has begun.



Adventure

*I could lie down in the midst
Of flowers and close my eyes
And let life pass serenely by,
But I am going to climb the hills
And satisfy my eager mind,
Fill it with visions
Of unconquered worlds.
My feet I'll firmly set
Upon the road to knowledge,
And with each new discovery I make,
I'll climb another mountain
And venture out into uncharted lands
And edge my way toward the stars.*

KATHE CUMMINGS





Sister M. Cecilia, *Principal*

Lower School

Sister Mary Cecilia was born in Cottonwood, Idaho and was educated in Los Angeles. She received her B.A. from St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch and her M.M. from Mt. St. Mary's, Los Angeles. She also has done post-graduate work at USC, Loyola University and the University of San Francisco.

Sister was appointed grade school principal and seventh and eighth grade teacher at St. Catherine's in the fall of 1965, after completing the same assignment at St. Barnabas' School in Long Beach. She has taught every grade from fourth through college, but prefers the work she is now doing—preparing students for high school.

Her hobbies include oil painting, stamp collecting, and, of course, music. Sister admits she can play almost any instrument but, in the same breath, confesses her greatest pleasure comes from playing the piano and the organ.

A student once described Sister Cecilia as "not only a teacher, but also a friend." She tackles every situation with the idea that no problem is too small for her to handle, and no problem is too large for her to solve. Her happy nature endears her to all who come in contact with her.

Carol Stansbury





Librarians Marilyn Gill, Nancy Davis and Lesley Barnes catalogue new books for the grade school library.

GRADE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The grade school library is a new addition to the ASC lower school campus. With the generous assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall McCleery, who donated 300 books, the library now shelves some 1500 volumes. Staffed by capable, interested seventh and eighth grade students, the library is a busy and popular center of learning. The library includes current children's literature books, from first to eighth grade level. A well furnished section of reference books provides information in science, math, and social studies. The books are properly catalogued, and even the primary students are acquainted with the use of the card catalogue.



Eighth grade officers: Dolores Cleery, *Vice-President*; Karen Patterson, *President*; Stephanie Rossa, *Treasurer*.





J. Adams



R. Bogner



T. Butler



K. Douglass



S. Ecker



S. Gallegos



R. Dancliff



M. Gill

Eighth Grade



M. Hadlen



K. Kanatzer



K. Patterson puts the finishing touches on her exhibit.



K. McCleery



M. K. O'Reilly



K. Patterson



A. Ramos



S. Rossa



J. Sheldon



D. Sierra



M. Terella



M. Weesner



L. Barnes



A. Basolo



T. Cummings



N. Davis



L. Dussia



Y. Estrada



J. Fleischauer



M. Jones



T. Jones



Sponsor, Sister Ceciliana



J. Mahoney



M. Martion



D. Murphy



K. McCleery



R. Reiman



L. Poppie



K. Suter



J. Papier



L. Smith



R. Whitteker

Seventh Grade

Music



Sister Mary Ruth is an expert with beginners in piano, such as Susan Scott, Stephanie Lindstrom, Margaret Bender and Annette Hutton.

Sister M. Ruth, instructor in instrumental music, was born in Chatsworth, Illinois. She received the degree of Master of Music from the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago and has taught piano and organ in many high schools and colleges in the United States.

Sister has been stationed at St. Catherine's some eighteen years and has the happy faculty of remembering all her former students and their families through several generations. In fact, no one at St. Catherine's is better acquainted with Ventura County. Sister reads the Star Free Press every day and reports the births, deaths, weddings and achievements of the families that have been associated with the academy.

Sister Ruth's favorite pastime is bridge, and she is as expert at the card table as she is at the piano.

Mary Ellen Jones



Looking angelic in the Christmas tableau are: Ynez Parker, Nancy McCleery, Marianne Solano, Donna Scaglione, and Suzanne Miguelis.

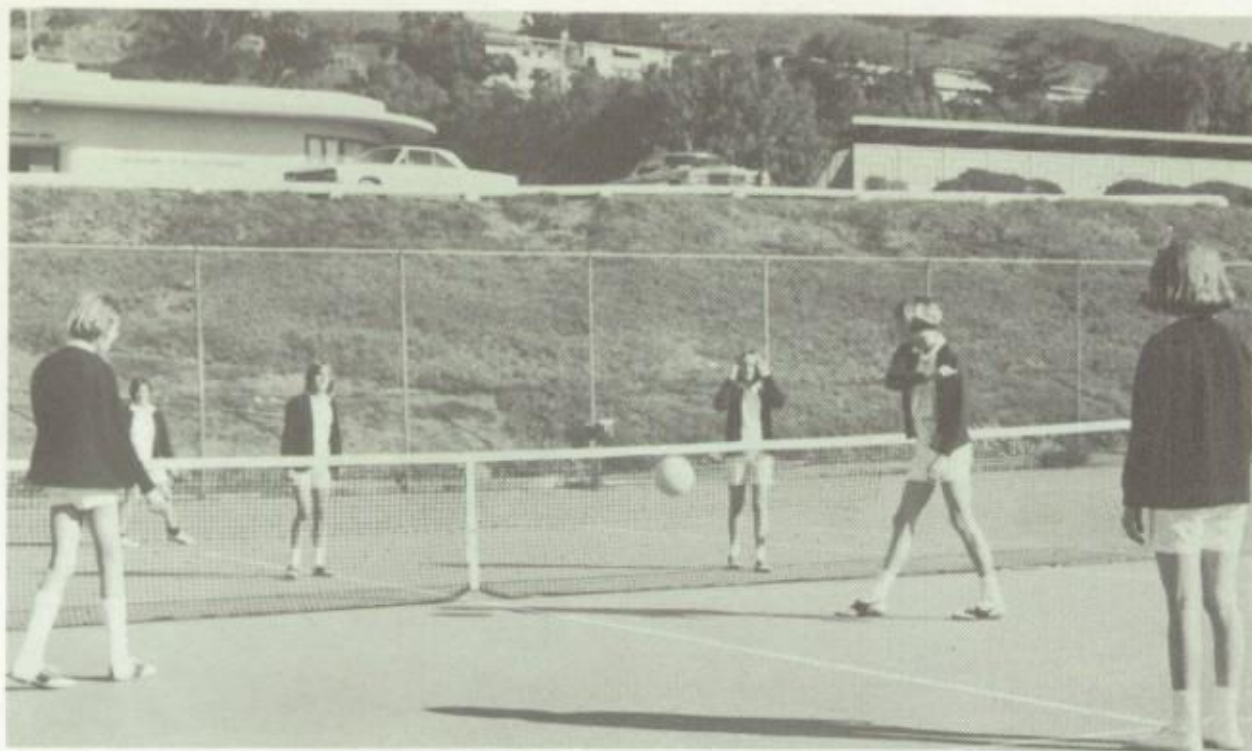


Laura Smith and Mary Kate O'Reilly prove efficient salesmen of school supplies.



Rebecca Whitteker, Donna Murphy and Janet Mahoney introduce the cast of the annual Christmas play.

Sports



Roxanne Bogner of the Volley Tennis Team scores a crucial point.

VOLLEYBALL TEAM: Laura Smith, Becky Reiman, Kim McCleery, Laurae Dussia, Martha Hadlen, Stephanie Rossa, Rhonda Dancliff, Yvonne Estrada, Lori Poppic, and Roxanne Bogner



SPORTS WORLD

The Seventh and Eighth Grade girls participate in tennis, volleyball, and volleytennis. Coached by Junior Barbara Marquez, who instills confidence and good sportsmanship, the teams compete against other parochial schools in the area. A trophy is presented to the school that wins a majority of games during each season. The tennis team enters the annual St. Catherine's Tournament, the Ojai Valley Invitational, and several other tourneys in southern California.



The Baseball Team gets into the swing of things.



Mrs. Jack Agler

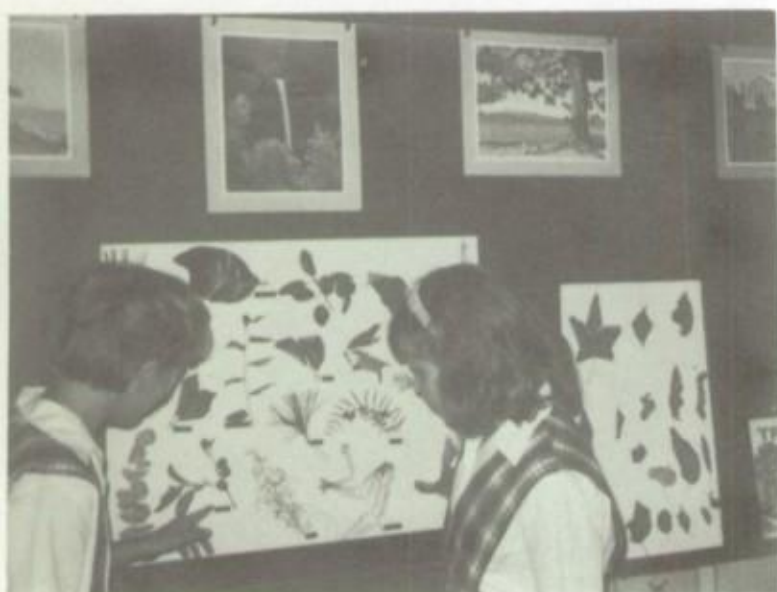
A delightful, former graduate of St. Catherine's returned in 1966 to take over the challenging task of teaching the third and fourth grades.

Mrs. John Agler (Barbara Scoles) was born in Oxnard and reared in Fillmore. She was graduated from St. Catherine's in 1954, from Dominican College, San Rafael, in 1958. The following year she studied at San Francisco State College and earned a B.S. degree in Economics.

While a student at St. Catherine's, Mrs. Agler was involved in many activities. In sports she had the distinction of serving as tennis manager; in speech she was division winner of the Lions' Club oratorical contest, and she also carried the lead in the Senior Class play. In college her interests ranged from school paper cartoonist to Senior Class representative in student government.

After her own children, Mrs. Agler considers her third and fourth graders her most interesting and challenging experience. If one can judge from the apples, candies and other tokens of appreciation which litter her desk, Mrs. Agler is a popular and beloved teacher. She constantly urges her pupils to think, to reason, rather than memorize the facts she presents to them.

Kathe Cummings



Susan Bernier shows the fruits of her labors to Andrea Gherini.



Lori Lagomarsino exhibits her shell collection to Billy McDuffee and Mark Simard.



Mary Poppic displays her idea of the solar system.



Eric Johnson points out his future destination to his classmates.



Sister Rita Jane

Born in Indiana, Sister Rita Jane was educated by the Sisters of Providence, and later attended Indiana State Normal where she earned her teaching credentials. After coming West, Sister received her B.A. from the University of Portland. Since then she has traveled and taught from the Atlantic to the Pacific with an extended stay in California, having served in San Diego, Colusa, Fresno and Ventura for many years.

Sister's disciplined teaching has become a legend at St. Catherine's, and Ventura parents consider their children fortunate if they can receive their basic training in Sister's classroom.

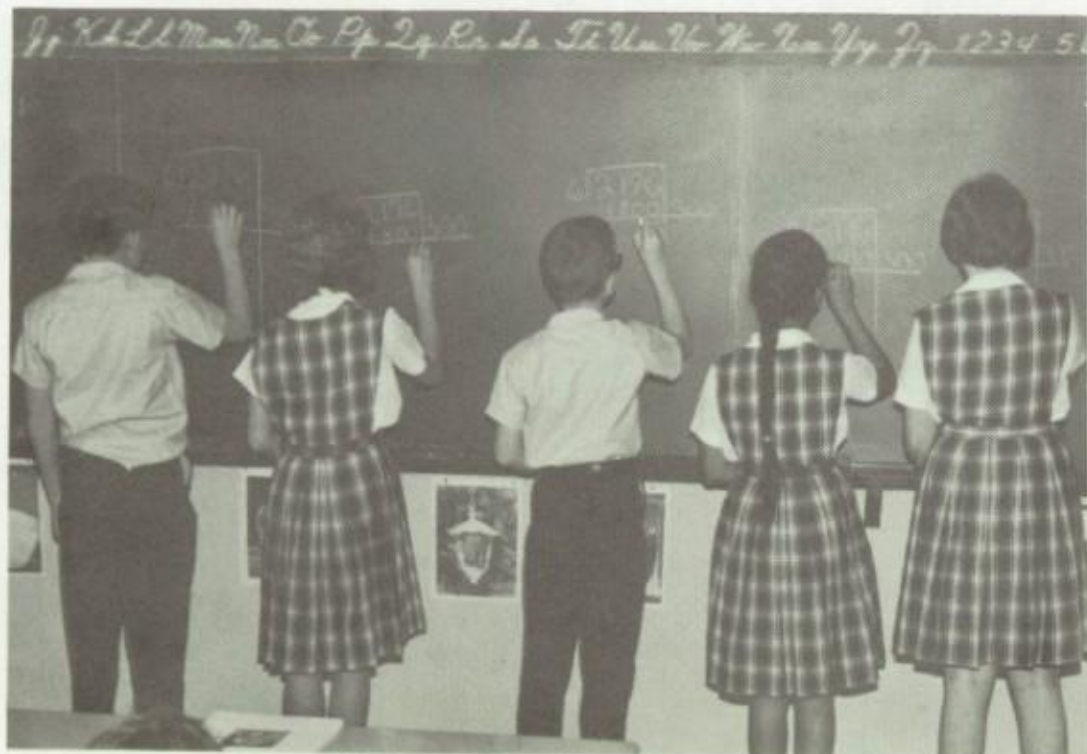
Sister names tennis and basketball as her favorite sports and says she once enjoyed coaching in these areas. She spends most of her free time playing bridge with the other Sisters, or solving mysteries long before the detectives in her favorite mystery stories.

Marette Esperance



The girls express their feelings through their artistic work.

The 5th and 6th grade students struggle with the new math.



Mrs. Bagley introduces the 5th and 6th graders to the charm of conversational Spanish.



Sixth Grade



A. Pillado



C. Scaglione



J. Sharp



V. Ruffinelli

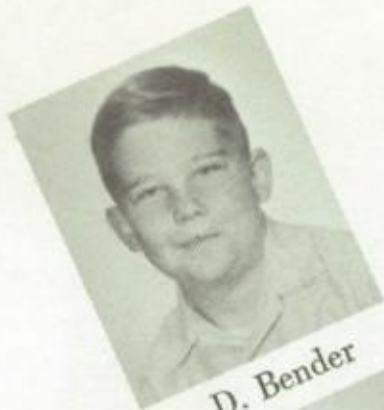


J. Schwenk



M. Smith

Fifth Grade



D. Bender



K. Cash



S. Cummings



M. A. Ecker



L. Flores



R. Gallegos



A. Gherini



K. Grossa



M. Hartman



D. Kanatzer



I. Lewis



G. Lindstrom



N. Mahan



J. McCleery



B. Migueliz



K. Newman



C. Penrod



M. Troup



M. Wachold



T. Taake



D. Weyrich



Mrs. John Agler



M. Basolo



E. Bender



T. Jones



W. Cobey



H. Cronin



C. Davis



C. Fletcher



E. Johnson

Fourth

Grade



W. MacDuffee



D. Martion



M. A. Moore



D. Nisbet



L. Phillips



K. Rossa



J. Ryan



L. Pattison



T. O'Reilly



J. Widdowson



L. Spriggs



L. Bacon



J. Bender

Third Grade



T. Bennett



C. Bernier



P. Flores



G. Bordagaray



C. Cash



R. Cobey



C. Drace



W. Lewis



L. Gallegos



S. Hoffman



M. Hutter



A. Kacic



S. Newman



C. Lloyd-Butler



S. McCleery



P. McGahan



L. Monahan



P. Scott



D. O'Neill



L. Pattison



M. Poppic



P. Price



M. Simard



M. Stanton



V. Terella



V. Tiangco



Sister Mary Zita

Since her arrival at St. Catherine's four years ago, Sister Zita has wormed her way into the hearts of several hundred children. The first and second graders and their parents have found Sister to be a model teacher, kind but exacting. However impressionable children may be, they know what kind of teacher they like, and Sister Zita has passed the test.

Born in Voss, Norway, Sister traveled all the way across the Atlantic, and became not only a citizen of the United States but also a Sister of the Holy Cross.

Sister Zita received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the College of St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch and her credentials from the State of California. She is also experienced in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work and has devoted many of her summer vacations to the teaching of religion.

Everything Sister does is in the interest of her pupils. She finds each day challenging, and although her work is exhausting, it is doubtful if she would wish to change from such a rewarding experience as teaching young minds to think.

Susan Davis



First-graders enjoy a story-telling session.



Mrs. Priscilla Justheim instructs her young choristers.



Second - graders diligently practice their penmanship.



Nancy Davis, Theresa Cummings, Kathy Douglass and Jowana Papier study a map of South America.



Susan Gallegos is delighted with one of the book report displays.



Kathy Douglass and Leslie Barnes display their masterpieces, a map of California and a model of San Buenaventura Mission.



Susan Gallegos, Maureen Terella and Toni Ramos set the stage for "Kidnapped."



Journalists, Rebecca Whitteker, Laurae Dussia, Rhonda Dancliff and Michele Wessner prepare latest edition of the grade school paper.



S. Adamich

Second Grade



L. Bender



J. Bendot



D. Buley



B. Clark



K. Cronin



L. Henderson



C. Hoffman



C. Hutter



A. Johnson



W. Kanatzar



J. Lagomarsino



T. Lewis



R. Mahoney



N. McCleery



C. McGrane



S. Migueliz



P. Monahan



M. O'Reilly



Y. Parker



L. Pattison



J. Sands



D. Scaglione



M. Solano



K. Taake



R. A. Tempske



C. Tiangco



P. Vacca



R. Wade

First

Grade



First grade students visit the Christmas crèche.



M. Bender



K. Brazill



C. Caldwell



J. Capelli



R. Carr



K. Coughlin



A. Ecker



L. Gentile



E. Gius



C. Hoffman



A. Hutton



S. Lindstrom



T. Lloyd-Butler



T. Mahoney



S. Monahan



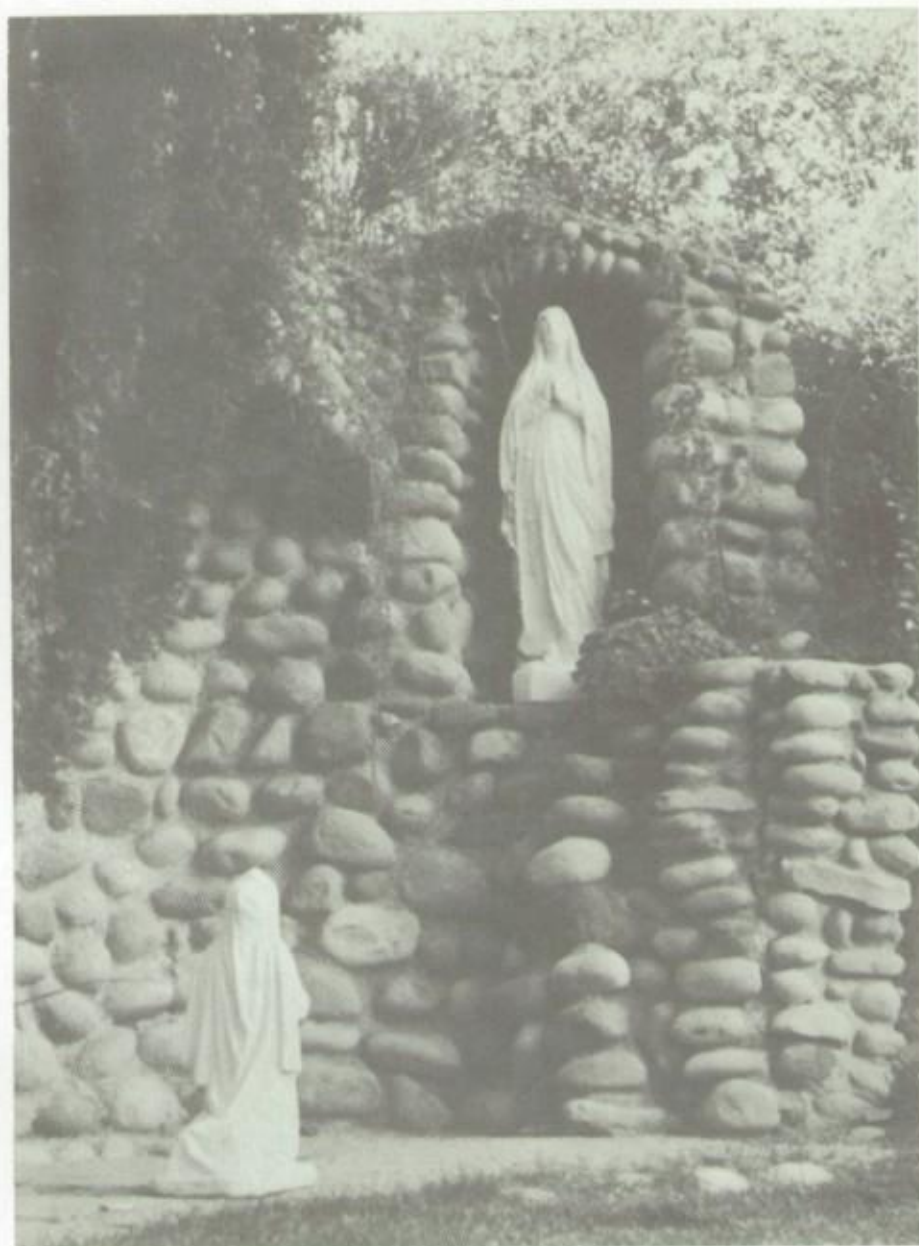
S. Scott



M. True



Our Lady of Lourdes welcome all to the peace and serenity of the Grotto.



Let the little children come to me."

The new Grade School Library is popular with teachers and students.





Senior Profiles

BEGOSH, JANET

249 Lantana
Camarillo

Journalism Staff 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2, Secretary 2; French Club 3, Secretary 3; Sienna Cercle 4; Tennis Team 1, 3; Class May Queen 2; Villanova Cheerleader 4

BOOKS, GWENN

607 Shadylane
Ojai

Journalism Staff 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Sienna Cercle 4, Secretary 4; Villanova Queen of Hearts 2; NEDT Certificate 2

BORREGO, DIANE

524 14th St.
Santa Paula

Class President 3; Student Council 3; CSF 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4, Council 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Sienna Cercle 2, Treasurer 2; Latin Club 1; IRC 3, 4; NEDT Certificate 2

CARROLL, NADENE

163 Via Baja
Ventura

Student Council 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 2, President 4; IRC 4; Science Club 3; Latin Club 1, 2, President 2; Tennis Team 2, 3, 4

CASWELL, LIANA

998 Church St.
Hawaiian Village Apt. 19
Ventura

GAA 4; IRC 4; Senior Play 4

CONROY, PAT

550 Del Oro
Ojai

Class Treasurer 3; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 4, Vice-President 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Villanova Homecoming Princess 3; Class May Queen 3

CUMMINGS, KATHE

212 Del Norte
Ojai

Yearbook Editor 4; Student Council 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4, Secretary-Treasurer 3, Vice-Prefect 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 1, 4; Science Club 3, Sienna Cercle 2, Secretary 2; Varsity Baseball 2, 3; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Varsity Volleyball 4

DAVIS, SUSAN

5648 Loma Vista
Ventura

Sodality 2, 3, 4, Council 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2; Science Club 3; Spanish Club 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Varsity Basketball 1, 2; Varsity Baseball 1, 2; NEDT Certificate 1, 2

DREW, CAROL

2232 Palomar
Ventura

GAA 3, 4; IRC 4; Science Club 3, Secretary-Treasurer 3; Class Secretary 4

ESPERANCE, MARETTE

2007 Poli St.
Ventura

Council 2, 3, 4; CSF 2, 3, 4, Chapter Vice-President 3, District Vice-President 3, Sealbearer 4; VCISC 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3; Sienna Cercle 4; Latin Club 1, 2, Vice-President 1; NEDT Certificate 1, 2; National Merit Letter of Commendation 4; Varsity Volleyball 2, 3; Tennis Team 2, 3; Junior Miss Candidate 4

FAY, KATHIE

714 El Toro Rd.
Ojai

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, Vice-President 4; Spanish Club 2, 3; Latin Club 1; ASB Princess 3; Tennis Team 1, 2, 3; Villanova Cheerleader 4

HARPE, MELANIE

210 W. Yucca
Oxnard

French Club 4, President 4; Villanova Homecoming Queen 4

JENKS, KATHY

1544 Gridley Rd.
Ojai

Apostles of Prayer 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 3, 4, President 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Tennis Team 1, 2; Girl of the Quarter 4; NEDT Certificate 2

KEIGHER, MARTHA

418 Avocado Pl.
Camarillo

Student Council 4; CSF 4; VCISC 4, Project Chairman 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 4; Spanish Club 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Class Secretary 2; Class Vice-President 3; NEDT Certificate 2

LE MIEUX, SUSAN

390 N. Ashwood
Ventura

Sienna Cercle 4, Vice-President 4; GAA 4; Cheerleader 4, Senior Play 4

McCARTHY, KATHLEEN

255 Day Rd.
Ventura

Sodality 2; GAA 2, 3, 4; IRC 4; Spanish Club 3

McGRATH, BRIDGIT

675 Fairway Dr.
Camarillo

Sodality 2, 3, 4, Council 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4;
Spanish Club 2, 3, 4, President 4; Latin Club 1

MAHON, NANCY

1006 Grandview
Ojai

CSF 3, 4, Treasurer 4; GAA 2, 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; Latin Club
2; NEDT Certificate 1, 2

MAULHARDT, NANCY

635 Via del Cerro
Camarillo

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club
2, 3; Latin Club 1; Tennis Team 1, 2; Villanova Cheerleader 4

MAULHARDT, DEDE

2158 E. Colonia Rd.
Oxnard

ASB Vice-President 4; Class Secretary 3; Student Council 4;
Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 4;
French Club 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Girl of the Quarter 3; Tennis
Manager 3; Tennis Team 2, 3

MUZIO, TONI

6353 Ventura Blvd.
Ventura

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 2;
Spanish Club 3, 4; Latin Club 1; Tennis Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity
Baseball 1, 2, 3

PERRY, EMILY

416 Court Ave.
Ventura

Student Council 4; VCISC 4, Publicity Chairman 4; Journalism
Staff 3, 4, Newspaper Editor 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer
1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 1; Sienna Cercle 4; French Club 3; Latin
Club 2; Villanova Mascot 3; NEDT Certificate 1, 2

RICHARDS, THERESA

931 Greenwood Dr.
Santa Paula

ASB Treasurer 2; Class President 4; Student Council 2, 4; CSF
3, 4, Sealbearer 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4, Council 3; Apostles of Prayer 1;
GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Girls State 3;
ASB Princess 4; Veterans of Foreign Wars Speech Winner 4; Junior
Miss first runner-up 4

ROSE, BARBARA

4032 Cocos Ct.
Ventura

Modern Youth Correspondent 4; Journalism Staff 3, 4; Student
Council 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2; Span-
ish Club 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2; NEDT Certificate 1, 2

STANSBURY, CAROL

502 Vista Hermosa
Ojai

Student Council 4; CSF 3, 4, President 4, Sealbearer 4; GAA 1, 2,
3, 4; Spanish Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Achievement Award 3;
County Science Fair Winner 2, 3; Junior Miss Candidate 4; NEDT
Certificate 1, 2

STOCK, SARAH

6244 Montalvo Dr.
Ventura

Sodality 2; Apostles of Prayer 1, 2; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 2; French
Club 3, 4; Latin Club 1; Varsity Basketball 1

STUDER, MARY

702 Mercer Ave.
Ojai

CSF 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 2, Secretary 3, District Representative 3, 4,
Sealbearer 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 2; Science
Club 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Time Magazine Award 3; County Speech
Forum Winner 2; NEDT Certificate 1, 2

SULLIVAN, BETSY

6357 Burnell Cr.
Ventura

Sodality Prefect 4; Student Council 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of
Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC 3, Secretary 3; Latin Club 1, 2;
Varsity Volleyball 2; ASB Formal Queen 4; Class May Queen 1;
ASB May Queen 4

TRACY, MAUREEN

5266 Dartmouth
Ventura

CSF 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC
2; French Club 3; Latin Club 1; Class Treasurer 4; NEDT Certi-
ficate 2

WALSH, KATHLEEN

3901 Los Posas Rd.
Camarillo

Student Council 1; Class President 1; Class Vice-President 4; CSF
3, 4; Sodality 2, 3, 4; Apostles of Prayer 1; GAA 1, 2, 3, 4; Science
Club 3; Spanish Club 2; NEDT Certificate 1, 2; ASB Princess 2

Autographs

Well Roxy,
Another year has gone by and we're
both a year older. It's been fun this year
but I sure hope it's better this summer
and next year. We do have our fun
won't we? Oh well. I really can't wait
till summer so we can go on ^{our} a trip.
That doesn't sound too good does it? Well
I'm only human. (I think.) Just think
when you're old and grey (or bleached
blonde, you know, it doesn't make
much difference) you can look back
on your year-books and remember
good ol' Val and her funny little letters
with the funny little sayings like...
um.....

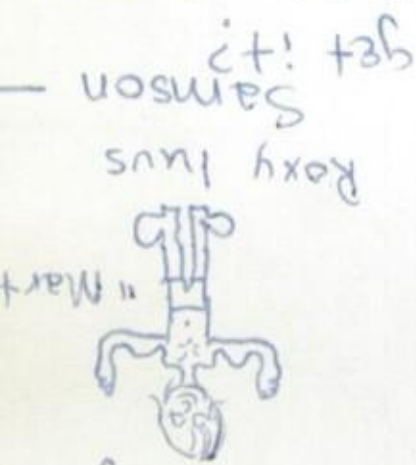
I believe in the sun.
Even when ~~it is not shining~~ ~~it is not shining~~ ~~it is not shining~~

I believe in love,
Even when I feel it not.

I believe in God —

Even when He is silent.

I would make a mistake on something
so important (?) as this, but what the
heck — I'm not perfect, in fact I'm not even
perfect — not even $\frac{1}{4}$ perfect. Well Bogner,
I see you in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. O.K.? Keep cool, and
take care. See ya.
Love & happiness,
Val



ROXY &
Well I'm really
glad you're coming! You'll
glad you're glad! You'll
have lots of fun. I love
is wonderful. Wicky

Hi Mary,
How are you? I'm just
sitting here in homework
doing nothing but this.
See you next year as a great
freshman. You'll really have
lots of fun (I did really, considering
I can't stand school) \$0000,
have lots of fun this summer,
swimming, and getting a great tan
& tell me sitting around riding \$10
and getting my nose burnt. (That's
the only place on me that tans) (really burnt)
The kids going to ring as I must go.
See you next year,

10/10/19

[illegible]

Hi Roxey,
Can you're a freshman now!!
I hope you have as much fun
as we did. I hope you get a
cool big sister - I got a fabulous
one (Marette E.) Well, see ya
next year. Sue Luderman

P.S. Wasn't that ever so
cheerful (what I wrote)

Roxxy you Dont know
me maybe you will next
year. Good luck next
year and to come
have
many

~~Poly~~

A cute, Sweet
guy with a
weird name
and shury
hair and lots
of freckles!

(Aren't you glad
I told you wet you
look like?)

23


Doni 167

70 a cool
kid. gave
fun in
high school.
two years

Rocky:
I hope that you
and I go to the
beach and get a
letter man - tip them
off

10/11/2021

No Roxy,
It was a
Real Blast &
able to sit behin
y. Have a good
Summer.

To Roxxy,
Good luck with your
art next year, you're
really good at it. ~~\$~~ 
Becky
Whitaker

Good Luck in
all your doing
this summer.

Good Luck in
the ninth Grade
Tori Cummings

Autographs

THE RABBIT
STRIKE 5:00
ABOIN!!!

To Mean Roxie,

I am sick of this institution &
glad we leaving the (lower) ^{grade} school.
Next year we'll be in a even
bigger institution. This year has
gone pretty fast. I think we had
more fun than the frosh. Its
too bad Sister's leaving. Got
to stop now

Martha

KEY



Be Good
Your Friend &
Mine

Rabbit

LOVE



← CARROT

Roxie -
Have fun this summer &
good luck this next
year. See ya then,
Katie

You are a
good friend and
I hope to see you
this summer!

smack!
Tiss!

Lo Roxie,
Hope I see
you lots this
summer OK? OK!
Love Dee Dee
Guess
Who?
Steph

Hi Roxie
Have fun in the
I can
And you won't
become
Dw.

Sister M. Cecilia, etc
June 14, 1967

